



ADVENTURES OF UNCLE SAM'S SAILORS





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[See p. 141]

"SEIZING THE HEAVY AXE, GOODY DROVE A COLD-CHISEL
THROUGH THE CABLE"

ADVENTURES OF UNCLE SAM'S SAILORS

BY

COMMANDER R. E. PEARY, U.S.N.
CAPTAIN A. V. WADHAMS, U.S.N.
MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL
FRANKLIN MATTHEWS
KIRK MUNROE
AND OTHERS

ILLUSTRATED



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INTRODUCTION

THE adventures of the officers and sailors of our navy are as varied as the shifting scenes of their lives. These changes are reflected in the pages of this book as we pass from the Arctic Circle to the Tropics, and from China to Hatteras and the West Indies. Wherever the scene may be, the history of our navy from its foundation in 1775 and the yarns of fo'c'sle and ward-room tell a story of which every American may well be proud. Such books as President Woodrow Wilson's *History of the American People*, and several volumes of the *American Nation* series, and Mr. Barnes's *Naval Actions of 1812*, show a roll of fame which has continued from the fight of the *Bon Homme Richard* and *Serapis* to the annihilation of Cervera's fleet; but we must remember, also, that one great object of a navy is to pre-

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vent war, and its work is of constant value in times of peace.

No war could offer severer tests of courage and endurance than the Arctic expeditions of Commander Peary, who, in the year 1906, planted the American flag nearer the north pole than any one has ever gone before. This book opens with the gallant explorer's own descriptions of his Arctic life, when, in 1891-1892, he remained in the North, and determined that Greenland is an island, and discovered Melville Land and Heilprin Land, which lie beyond.

The second part of this volume offers stories of thrilling and also amusing experiences on the part of officers and men in different parts of the globe. These stories are, frankly, "yarns," but often founded upon a considerable measure of fact. The book closes with some actual narratives, which include the opening of Japan, the story of the tidal wave which swept an American war-ship inland in South America, the wonderful story of peril and heroism in the great storm at Samoa, and other actual events of thrilling interest. At the end we are taken back to the days of the old wooden ships which have now practically

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disappeared from active service. But the skill and courage of American officers and sailors, and our pride in a navy adapted to the just needs of a great but peaceful country, are as constant in these days as in the time of oaken walls manned by hearts of oak.

I
IN THE ARCTIC

ADVENTURES OF UNCLE SAM'S SAILORS

THE STORY OF A GUIDON

What a Flag Saw in the North

AM a Guidon, a silken Guidon with a blazing golden star. I am frayed and faded now by furious winds and fierce blinding sunlight; but once I was bright and new, and I have seen sights that eyes never saw before. I have seen the bright stars glitter through the freezing air day and night for weeks, with never a ray of blessed sunlight to dim their lustre, and I have seen the glorious sun roll round the white horizon night and day for months without ever hiding his yellow face. All this and more have I seen in the far North.

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I first saw the light one Christmas, in a tiny room lined with warm, red blankets, far up in the land of eternal ice and snow. The soft fingers of a fairy-faced woman had fashioned me as a Christmas gift for one she loved. I heard her tell him afterwards, with her head on his shoulder, that she had made me from an embroidered silken handkerchief, a present to him when a lover, and the star was a bit of silk from a tea-gown which she had worn as a bride. He gave her an ivory hairpin which he had carved from the horn of a great narwhal, and this, with a fine dinner, was all the Christmas there was at the little house, for old Santa Claus had gone south several days before to call on the good little boys and girls at home. Then, too, I heard it whispered that Santa was not on very good terms with him, for he had, while out hunting, shot one of the reindeer belonging to Santa's team, and though he was very sorry, and she offered to give Santa her black Newfoundland dog, Jack, who had been trained to pull a sleigh, to take the deer's place, Santa wouldn't have him, and didn't quite forgive the accident.

After she had given me to him, he took me and hung me up in the opening between two

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silken flags which curtained off a bed at one end of the little room, and there I hung for weeks.

The only way that I could tell about the time was by the lamp in the room. This burned during the day and was put out at night, but during all this time no ray of daylight ever came through the windows. Sometimes I saw a star twinkle through the window, and sometimes I got a glimpse of great snow-covered mountains bathed in bright moonlight. At other times the little house trembled with the fury of the storms, and for days at a time I heard the muffled roar of the wind and snow whirling in blinding drifts over the roof. In the little bedroom it was always warm and cozy; but that it was bitter cold outside I knew, because when the Commander and his wife would come in from their snow-shoe tramps, their eyebrows and eyelashes would have little icicles on them, and his beard would be such a solid mass of ice that he would have to hold his face in a basin of warm water to thaw it off.

Soon after this I heard a strange chattering in the other room of the house, and a wild dark face in a fur hood looked through the

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door; then its owner came in, and two or three others followed. At first I was afraid of these strange creatures, with their black eyes, long hair, and clothes of reindeer and fox and shaggy bear skins, which made them look as broad as they were tall; but I soon got over this when I saw how merry they were, though I could never quite like to have them near me—they were so dirty, and smelled so disagreeable. After this they used to come every once in a while, and I heard that some of them had ridden two hundred miles on a sledge drawn by great, savage dogs, just to see the *Kapitan-soak*, or great Captain, as they called him, and particularly to see his wife, for they had never seen a white woman or a woman that wore dresses before. The Commander used to show them a little mirror, and when they saw their faces in it they would shout and clap their hands, just like a baby when it gets a rattle, for they had never seen one before. Then she would give the children candy, and their mothers a bright needle, and they would go away more delighted than you would be with a twenty-dollar gold piece.

'The very little children were carried on their mothers' backs in a great, warm hood, but the

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larger ones were dressed in furs just like their father and mother. I remember one little boy who had on a fox-skin coat with a hood, a bird-skin shirt, bear-skin trousers and boots, and rabbit-skin stockings. His sister, a year older, had the same kind of coat, but her trousers were shorter, and were made of fox-skin; and her boots, of seal-skin, were much longer. Her stockings were made of deer-skin.

It must have been at least six weeks after Christmas that I noticed through the window, at noon, a sort of twilight, and then I heard them saying that the sun was coming back. Then one day the Commander put on his fur clothes, took me down, put me in his bosom, and said he was going up on the great ice-cap to see the sunrise.

After this I saw nothing, but I could hear that he, with the doctor and Astrup, carrying their food and sleeping-bags on their backs, climbed up a great mountain, cutting steps in the snow in some places, then walked far out over the great, white ice-cap, and when night came on they built a snow-house, and putting their sleeping-bags inside, went to bed to sleep till the next day, when the sun was to come back. But scarcely had they got nicely settled

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in their house when a furious snow-storm came up, the wind howled in savage fury across the wild, frozen desert, and the cutting, drifting snow scoured the top and sides off their snow-house and left them entirely exposed to the wild storm. Their great, warm, deer-skin bags kept them comfortable, however, and towards morning of the second day the full moon broke through the clouds and sent them flying away into the frozen interior. Then they got up as best they could in their sleeping-bags, for everything was buried deep in the snow, and dug out their clothes and their alcohol-stove. By this time it was nearly noon, the time for the sun to show its head above the great white mountains in the south, and I was taken from out of the Commander's bosom and fastened to an alpenstock planted in the snow. Never shall I forget the sight as the cold, white wind shook me out. Close by me fluttered three other flags; near us was the huge drift which marked the site of the snow-house, with the sleeping-bags scattered about it. In every direction stretched the white surface of the ice-cap, which the wind had carved into miniature waves. The southern sky was a conflagration of crimson and rose and purple and green clouds and

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lights about one dazzling yellow spot where the sun was about to burst upward.

I hardly had time to see all this when the wind freshened, and I and my companions flew out into the sparkling air and fluttered and laughed with delight. Then the yellow sunlight fell upon the summit of the highest cliff of Northumberland Island; next Cape Robertson blazed with a crown of glory, and then the yellow sun itself peered over the southern ice-cap, and in an instant the snow-waves about us danced, a sea of molten gold. Nor wealth nor fame can purchase from me the supreme memory of that moment when, with my Commander, far above the earth, I laughed with the laughing waves of the great white inland sea in greeting to the long-absent sun. For many minutes we watched the glorious god of light roll along the southern ice-cap; then the Commander took me down and put me in his bosom again. Never before had flag or pennant welcomed the returning sun from the surface of the great frozen desert.

After this I hung again for several weeks in the little red room. Once both the Commander and his wife were away for a long time, and when they came back I used to hear them talk-

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ing of the strange people they had seen, and how they had dashed at a wild gallop over the frozen sea behind a dozen or twenty great, wolfish dogs, and had slept on the snow at night, wrapped in their reindeer-skin sleeping-bags. I, however, saw nothing of this.

Then one May day the Commander took me down, and there were tears in his wife's eyes as he put me in his bosom again, for this time he was going away alone, to be gone for months on the long, white journey to the north which they had talked so much about.

It must have been several days after this that he took me out and pressed me to his lips, then fastened me to a bamboo staff and planted me in the snow. I found myself once more on the great ice-cap. Now, however, no distant mountain-tops could be seen, only the unbroken white horizon in every direction. The sun shone brightly, and near me were sixteen great dogs, fastened to stakes driven in the snow, and four sledges, and three men besides the Commander, all dressed in furs. I at once saw that it was a camp, and that preparations were being made for the evening meal. When this was cooked and eaten each of the men fastened his clothes tightly about him, and

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lay down behind his sledge to sleep. The Commander lay down beneath me, and all the time, while they slept, I waved and rustled in the wind, and watched the weather, to warn them by a louder whisper of coming storms.

From that time on for nearly a hundred days I never slept, and the great sun whirled ceaselessly around the heavens, never once hiding his face below the horizon. After sleeping several hours, the Commander awoke and called one of the others, who got up and made some tea, which they all drank with some crackers and pemmican. Then the sleeping-bags were rolled up and placed on the sledges, the sledges firmly lashed, and the dogs attached to them. Then the Commander fastened on his snow-shoes, took me in hand, and strode off to the north, calling to the dogs of his team. With a joyous yelp, Miss Tawanah leaped into the air in an effort to follow him; Nalegaksoak, Pau, and Panickpa followed, straining in their traces; the sledge moved, the others started, and soon we were merrily under way.

After five or six hours they paused for luncheon, and then five or six hours later, after travelling twenty miles or more, the Commander stopped and planted me in the snow

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again. This, as I afterwards learned, was the signal that the day's work was ended. As soon as the sledges came up the dogs were taken from them and fastened to stakes driven in the snow, a little to one side. While one of the men began cooking dinner on the alcohol-stove, the Commander took some pemmican from the sledge, and cutting it into lumps, fed the dogs. What a racket they made as they fought and tugged at their lines in their efforts to get at him first! In a few minutes they had bolted their dinner, and lay down in the snow to sleep. Then the four fur-clad figures ate their dinners and drank their hot tea, and then they, too, lay down in the snow behind the sledges, and soon were fast asleep—all except the Commander. He took a strange-looking instrument out of a box, set it in the snow, then looked through it at the sun, then wrote in a little book, and did this for more than an hour. But at last he, too, went to sleep, and left me alone fluttering over the sleeping camp, and making friends with the great yellow sun that matched my yellow star so beautifully.

So, day after day, we journeyed northward over the white desert, he and I always in advance, travelling straight as the flight of an

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arrow, and the dog-sledges following in our tracks. At first I was afraid of the dogs, and feared that if I should fall down or the wind blew me over some time, some of them would eat me. They were such great, savage brutes, with such long, white teeth, and they fought with one another like wolves. But they all loved the Commander, because he always fed them himself, and fixed their harnesses if they did not fit, and I used to like to see them crowd around him and rub against his legs when he came in the morning to untie them. Then he would pat their heads and rub their chins till they would jump up on him with low growls of dog satisfaction, until I could hardly believe that these same dogs had fought and killed many a fierce white bear—"the tiger of the north."

After a time I got to know them all—Nalegaksoak, the King; Pau, Nalegak Martloo, or Lion, as he called him; Miss Tawanah, Panickpa, Merktoshar, Arngodoblaho, and the rest; but I liked the Commander's team best —partly because they knew me. There was big Nalegaksoak, the King, and Pau, his black brother; Miss Tawanah, a dog with one eye (but that eye was always on the lookout for

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him), and the two Panickpas. They soon got acquainted with me, and learned to know me. When the Commander took me in his hand and started off, they tugged at their traces until the sledge started; then they trotted merrily along at his heels. Sometimes, towards night, they would get a little tired and lag behind; but when he stood me in the snow, and, turning round, would call, "Come on, boys; huk, huk, huk, nannook, nannook," how they would yelp and growl, and come galloping up until they could lick his hands, and then lie down about me! Nalegaksoak and Pau used to jump up at me, and try to play with me as I fluttered in the wind; and after a time I learned a little of their language and used to hear them talking about their bear-fights, and wondering where he was taking them to.

After we had been marching many days, we stopped longer than usual one night, and when we started again there was only the Commander and one companion, the other two going back, I heard him say, to the little house.

After that we kept on day after day, always northward.

Sometimes I could see just the tops of great mountains, miles and miles away, and some-

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times there were great blue chasms in the ice, which we had to go around.

There were great storms, when for two or three days neither the Commander nor his companion could get out of their burrow in the snow, and when the furious wind and the rushing white river of snow below me used to make me dizzy.

At last we came to a strange northern land, and if I should tell you all the wonderful things I saw there it would take a book—how the Commander shot the great musk-oxen, and how the brave dogs feasted on their meat till they could eat no more; how we saw birds and flowers and butterflies; and how at last we came out on a great precipice, far up the east coast of Greenland; and how he put me up on a pile of stones and let me look out upon the great frozen Arctic Ocean, which no eyes had ever seen before; then how we returned over the frozen desert; and finally he gave me back into the fair hands that had made me, and here I am.

OUR ARCTIC HOME

The Building of the House in which the Arctic Explorer, his Wife, and their Party, Spent a Year in Northern Greenland

IT was the latter part of July, and the mild, yet beautiful, landscape about McCormick Bay lay soft and dreamy in weather such as only the brilliant, glowing arctic summer can produce. The sun was just rising from the lowest part of its nearly horizontal course above the tops of the ice-capped northern cliffs. The dark-brown and red cliffs on the south shore of the bay shimmered in the yellow light. Down every valley ran the silver ribbon of a murmuring brook, a deer or two browsed leisurely, and flocks of snow-buntings twittered and chirped over the moss-carpeted, flower-besprinkled slopes between the shore and the cliffs, while millions of little auks kept the air alive

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with their querulous cries and the rapid beat of their whirring wings.

All was warmth and light and exuberant life. Only the surface of the bay was still held in the icy fetters of the long winter night. Even it, however, was soon to be free. A broad river of gleaming water ran close to the shore, every glistening berg floated in an open lake in which sported seals, narwhals, and schools of white whales, and narrow lanes of water ran in every direction through the rotten ice, cutting it into great floes, which floated slowly back and forth with the tide. You would never believe that the glowing summer scene was thirty miles farther north than the place where the unfortunate *Jeannette* was crushed in the ice.

Suddenly a strange apparition came into view around the cape which terminated the line of red cliffs. This apparition floated higher out of the water than the ice-cakes, and was black. A great black cloud trailed from it, and it moved slowly through the rotten ice. It was the steamer *Kite*, bearing a little party in search of an arctic home. Never before had such an apparition appeared in McCormick Bay, though perhaps the great rocks on top of

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the cliffs, three hundred years ago, when their eyes were younger and stronger, might have seen the glint of Baffin's sail as he lay at anchor that 4th of July in 1616 off "Hakluys Isle," and they might have seen the ships of Kane in 1853, and Hayes in 1860, beating northward, far out under the western sun.

Slowly and steadily the *Kite* steamed on until well up the bay, when she stopped, and two boats were lowered and pulled off, one for the south shore and one for the north. The snow-buntings, the deer, and the little auks went on with their various occupations undisturbed, but the white whales, affrighted by the appearance of such a monster black fish, have disappeared. As soon as the boats landed, their occupants scattered in every direction and covered the ground, searching for a house site, and when they had seen the entire shore they returned to the *Kite* to report. It was not such an easy thing to select the place for the house, because there were so many things to be provided for, and then the one with whom the decision rested was obliged to see with the eyes of others, as he lay in the cabin a prisoner with a broken leg.

The house must not be too far from the

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shore; it must be where no landslide nor falling rocks from the cliffs could crush it, where the torrents from the melting snow of early summer could not sweep it away, and yet it should be sheltered from the furious blasts of winter, and be so placed as to get all the sunlight possible. Finally, a little knoll between two brooks, about a hundred feet from the shore, was selected. The soft earth of this little grass-and-flower-covered eminence gave an opportunity to set the house level with but very little digging, while the slope in every direction insured dryness, and the slight elevation gave a good outlook over the bay. The only objection to the location was that the cliffs to the south would shut off the sun early in spring and late in autumn, but this could not be helped.

After every one had had a good sleep, the boats again went ashore, carrying pickaxes and shovels, and in a day the excavation for the house had been completed. Then came the putting up of the frames. These had been cut and fitted while the *Kite* was fast in the ice in Melville Bay, on her way up, and now they had only to be nailed together and erected. The construction of the little house had been

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the subject of a great deal of thought and study, the great object being to have it as light and yet as strong and warm as possible. The general theory of its construction was to make it a series of light, tight shells, enclosing several air spaces between the innermost and outermost coverings. The frames were made of six boards, 10 inches wide by $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick. They rested upon three plank sills, and were spaced three feet apart lengthwise of the house. Boards similar to the bottom board of the frames were placed upon the plank sills, half-way between each two frames, and these, with the bottom boards of the frames, formed the floor joists, spaced 18 inches apart.

Then the floor was laid of $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch yellow pine boards, three inches wide, tongued and grooved, and solidly blindnailed to every floor joist. Next came the roof and sides. First, heavy two-ply tarred paper was laid in horizontal courses entirely around the house against the outside of the studs from the ground to the ridge, each course overlapping the one below, like weather-boarding, and nailed to each stud. Then over this was nailed the outside boarding of one-inch boards, tongued and grooved. When this boarding was

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finished, all the horizontal laps of the tarred paper were tacked to it (from the inside, of course), to make wind-tight joints. Then three-ply paper was put on outside of the boarding, in vertical strips running from the ground up the wall, over the roof, and down the other side to the ground again. On the ends the strips ran from the ground to the edge of the roof. Each of these strips lapped the others about two inches, and laths nailed continuously from ground to ground over these laps made wind-and-rain-tight joints. This completed the outer shell of the little house. Then came the lining of the interior. First, thick sheets of pasteboard, known as trunk-boards, three feet wide by four feet long and a quarter of an inch thick, were nailed against the inside of the studs on the sides and overhead, until the entire house was cased in.

Now, if you have followed me closely, you will see that the house consisted of two shells, the outer composed of two thicknesses of tarred paper and an inch of closely fitted boards, and the inner composed of thick trunk-boards. Between these two shells was an air space varying in thickness from ten inches at the sides to over three feet in the centre of the triangular

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place just under the ridge. Now, as air is known to be a good non-conductor, if the air in this space could be imprisoned effectively, it would form the most simple, cheap, and effective blanket. So all the joints in the cardboard were carefully pasted over with wide strips of heavy brown paper, and made perfectly air-tight.

This formed an effectual barrier to the wind and cold, but did not present a very inviting appearance, and the next thing was to line our nest. This was done with blankets. All along the angles of the interior, both horizontal and vertical, narrow strips of $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch boards were nailed, and then on the inner faces of these were tacked heavy red Indian blankets with black borders. This made the interior as warm and cozy in appearance as could be desired, and at the same time added another air space, $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick, to our defences against old Boreas. The house was now in shape to withstand all the buffeting of summer or even autumn weather, but it was inadequate to protect us from the indescribable fury of the mid-winter storms and temperatures of half a hundred degrees below zero.

To enable it to stand these sieges, a draft

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was made upon the moss patches and the numerous stones lying about, and with these materials, helped out with some empty pork and beef barrels, a thick, close wall was built entirely around the house, its inner face four feet away from the sides of the house. When this wall had been built up until its top was everywhere about four and a half feet below the roof of the house, it was levelled off, and all the wooden boxes of provisions, with their covers removed and the opened sides facing inward, piled in regular courses, like blocks of stone, upon it.

All provisions, such as tea, coffee, sugar, flour, cornmeal, etc., that could be damaged by moisture, had been packed in water-tight rectangular tins, holding twenty-five pounds each, and two of these tins were packed in a substantial wooden case. Thus all the boxes were of practically the same size, and they therefore lent themselves very gracefully to this style of construction. The boxes raised the wall some two feet higher, and then a canvas roof was stretched from the top of the wall to the side of the house, forming a covered corridor, four feet wide, round the house. This arrangement of the boxes enabled them to serve the

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double purpose of protection and storehouse, and greatly economized room, while at the same time it allowed as free access to everything as if it was in an open cupboard.

The house itself was now finished, and there was nothing more to be done outside until the snow should come and enable us to add its warm, white blanket to our covering. There was still a good deal to be done in the fitting and furnishing of the interior.

The inside of the house, which was now twenty-one feet long by twelve feet wide and seven and one-half feet high, was first divided into two rooms, one large and one small, by a six-inch partition. Then came the question of the best arrangement of the stove. This has always been a difficult matter—how to place the stove so as to make its heat most effective, and in particular to compel it to heat the layer of air close to the floor, the temperature of which, in arctic houses, has always been below the freezing-point, while that in the upper part of the room has been at or perhaps above 90 degrees; and last, but most important, how to arrange the stove and pipe so that there could be no possible chance of setting the little house on fire. Think of the horror of having one's

OUR ARCTIC HOME

house and provisions burned, and being driven out into the deadly cold of the arctic winter night to perish in the snow! To meet all these requirements the stove was placed in the large room, at the middle of the partition dividing the two rooms, and instead of placing it on the floor, as is usual, a large, square hole was cut in the floor, and the sides of the hole, from the floor down to the ground beneath, boxed up and covered with zinc. The bottom of this hole was then covered with gravel from the beach, and the stove, with the legs removed, lowered into it. By this arrangement the ash-pan and the bottom of the firepot were below the floor level, and there was no trouble with cold floor. The partition back of the stove was protected by heavy tin, and in front of this, between the tin and the stove, several copper wires were stretched, on which wet boots, stockings, mittens, etc., were dried.

From the top of the stove the stovepipe was carried up to within a foot of the ceiling, then along overhead to the end of the house. But instead of carrying the pipe through the wall of the house, where it might come in contact with wood, and where there would always be the possible danger of a fire originating, a pane of

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glass was taken out of each of the double windows near the upper corner and their place supplied by sheets of tin, through which holes, just the size of the pipe, had been cut. Through these holes the pipe was carried, and then continued several feet away from the side of the house. When this was completed, neither stove nor pipe touched wood anywhere in its course, and the entire distance from the ashpan to the outer end of the pipe could be seen at a glance by any one in the room.

The ventilation of the rooms was effected by an eight-by-ten-inch wooden shaft in each, extending from the ceiling up through the triangular air space under the roof to the ridge of the house. Here they were covered with a board having five $2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch auger-holes bored in it. These holes were open all the time, and through them escaped all the moisture and bad air of the rooms. In low temperatures the condensation from the warm air escaping through them was like thick, white smoke.

Across one end of the small room a double bunk was made from the remains of the house lumber, and on one side of the large room four single bunks, in two tiers, were put up. Then a table and a number of chairs were made, and

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with help of some boxes of books the house was furnished. By this time the snow had come, and soon, with the aid of two busy snow-shovels and a snow-knife or two, the wall all round was heavily banked with snow, the canvas roof of the corridor and the flat portions of the main roof covered a foot deep with the same; then with blocks and slabs of hard snow a thick wall was built to protect the gable, and with more blocks and slags a long, narrow, low snow entrance to the corridor was built, and the fortress, to resist the fiercest sieges of King Winter, was complete.

KYOAHPADU THE ANGAKOK

The Tale of an Esquimau Medicine-man

T was long after the twilight hours
of a late November day were past
that my hunter, Ikwa, returning
from a courier trip across Whale
Sound to the village of Nettiulume, and thence
southward along the iron-bound coast of the
Esquimau metropolis of Akpane, brought with
him from Omanuit a short, but powerful,
native, whom he presented as his brother,
Kyoahpadu.

Ikwa had evidently told his brother of the
ceremonies of initiation into the good-fellow-
ship of Redcliffe House; these ceremonies con-
sisting of being photographed by flashlight,
and afterwards the presentation to the victim
of a file, a box of matches, and a tin can full
of nails. To our surprise, Kyoahpadu was the
first native to evince any hesitation in regard

KYOAHPADU THE ANGAKOK

to this performance, but he declined to enter Redcliffe until Dr. Dook went out and insisted upon it. Once in the house, he seemed to regard the preparations for having his picture taken—that is, placing the screen and the chair and the bringing out of the camera—much as a condemned man would witness the erection of the scaffold; and when he was finally seated in the chair before the strange instruments, and was told to fix his eyes on me as I removed the caps from the cameras, his teeth chattered in spite of his best efforts to assume an air of braggadocio. The word "*tima*," which told him that the operation was over, seemed to relieve him of a great weight of fear. Yet the great *angakok* (medicine - man), as we afterwards knew him to be, never lost the impression that those strange machines which had glared at him for an instant in the dazzling blaze of the flashlight had placed him soul and body forever in my power.

After this, "Father Tom," as I at once nicknamed him, became a constant visitor at Redcliffe, and worked himself resistlessly and yet almost insensibly into our good graces. Active, willing, plausible, deprecatory, if one of the boys had anything to be done, Kyo stood ready

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to help; did any of the other natives fail to understand what I wished him to do, Kyo was there to explain matters to him. He insisted upon presenting to Mrs. Peary an old clasp-knife, his greatest earthly possession, and a really wonderful little ivory needle-case, which he said had been his wife's. He also took upon himself the care of the boys' apartment, jumping up a dozen times a day to seize the broom and sweep up any little litter of shavings or fur that might have gathered, and he also instructed the other natives as to the care they should exercise in keeping dirt out of the palace of the "Great White Man." Then his brother Ikwa's hut was uncomfortable for him; it was too small, and his brother had too big tongue, which he allowed to run beyond the bounds of reason; and he, Kyo, had to sleep on the stone floor, where it was cold; but the floor of the white man's *igloo* was *peudiaksoak* (very good), and couldn't he *sinnipah* (sleep) there? And, sure enough, he got permission, and with it a pair of blankets, which he used to carefully fold up every morning and carry outside, depositing them in one of the empty boxes in the wall.

Father Tom was extremely fond of the *kob-*
30

KYOAHPADU THE ANGAKOK

lunah, or white men. Years before he had visited an *oomiaksoak* (ship) off Cape York, and would I take him in my *oomiaksoak* to the far south when I went away? Father Tom had also in his hut in far-off Omanuit *took-too-ameer* (deer-skins), *amishuah* (many), and three fine *kahlilowah tuas* (narwhal horns), all of which he would *pilatay* (give) to the *kapitansoak* (myself). And so Kyo contentedly slept upon the floor at Redcliffe, until one day there came from a little village to the north of us a widow with three children, the husband and father having been dragged under the ice and drowned by a walrus. The same day two dashing youths in brand-new winter costumes, and with a powerful team of six dogs, dashed over the ice-foot in front of Redcliffe from their far-away home at Cape York. By a strange coincidence one of these dandies was a nephew of the newly made widow, and it was immediately arranged that when the dandies started home again the widow and her children should go with them to her parents. But in the few days of their stay at Redcliffe, Kyo became enamored of the widow, and when she and the young men turned their faces southward one starlit December noon, Kyo an-

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nounced his intention of leaving us, in order, he said, to bring the deer-skins and the *tuas* back to me, and that he should return after ten *sinnipahs* (sleeps).

As they vanished in the darkness, Kyo was walking lovingly beside the widow behind the sledge. Nearly ten times ten *sinnipahs* had passed before I saw his oily face again. Then, one bright, but blustering, March day, two heavily fur-clad figures came walking into sight down the shore, and soon Kyo and the nephew, Kishu, were once more within the walls of Redcliffe. Kyo seemed ill at ease, and apparently uncertain as to the manner of his reception, and both he and the nephew seemed uncommunicative; but I learned enough to satisfy me that there were more of them, with several dogs, but a few miles from Redcliffe. After stopping but a few hours, they went again, and I immediately gave orders to Gibson and Astrup to get themselves in readiness to start at once on a reconnoissance to see what the matter was.

The next day they returned with the entire party. In the party were the widow, now the wife of Kyo, and her daughters. Kyo and his wife immediately settled down near Redcliffe,



KYOAHPADU THE ANGAKOK (MEDICINE-MAN)"

KYOAHPADU THE ANGAKOK

and remained with us until the *Kite* finally left McCormick Bay; but he never seemed the same again.

I had learned much of him from the natives who had visited Redcliffe during his absence, and though some of them spoke well of him, most of the reports were the reverse, and I could see that, with one or two exceptions, he was both hated and feared. There were dark hints of the murder of a man, and also that two wives had been killed by his hand, and that he was an *angakok*, or medicine-man, of great power. Whether Kyo knew that I had heard these reports, or whether he felt that he had lost my confidence by remaining away so long, I never could tell. But it was certain that he was not the same man, and at times I even felt slightly suspicious of him, especially in regard to tampering with my dogs, and even made up my mind on one occasion that if, in disregard of my explicit command not to harness up one of my finest teams of dogs for a journey to the south, he should attempt to tamper with them, I should shoot him. The matter never came to this crisis, however, and we soon found that Kyo was subject to fits of uncontrollable anger, closely allied to insanity,

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and on one or two occasions had severely cut his wife while in these paroxysms. Yet as my driver on the sledge trip around Inglefield Gulf, he was most obedient and attentive to the wants of both Mrs. Peary and myself, and was the proudest of the proud in having to manage the finest team of powerful dogs that ever galloped through that frozen region.

During the absence of Astrup and myself on the inland ice, Kyo, as being a mighty *angakok*, indulged in frequent seances or trances, during which he came upon the inland ice. He saw stretching before him all the white expanse of the great frozen desert, and then, recovering from his trance, he would tell Mrs. Peary that far away to the north he had seen a single *innuit* (man) staggering weakly homeward, and that the man was not the *kapitansoak*. Just before my return, in one of his paroxysms, he had threatened to kill his wife and her nearly grown daughter, and these threats had so completely terrified the poor woman that, seizing the opportunity when Kyo was out in his *kyak* on a seal-hunt, they slipped away from the village and disappeared.

Kyo searched the shores in every direction, but it was not until two weeks later that they

KYOAHPADU THE ANGAKOK

reached a distant settlement, having traversed mountain glaciers for that time, and living entirely upon such little auks as they were able to catch.

Kyo was absent, searching for them, when I returned from the inland ice, and when I next saw him he had regained his wife and daughter. But this good-fortune was, perhaps, more than counterbalanced by the fact that my return (in spite of his predictions to the contrary) had destroyed forever his prestige as an *angakok*. The trouble which had resulted in the flight of his wife and daughter seemed to have been entirely smoothed over, but there were some among us who felt that this appearance was deceitful, and that Kyo was only biding his time. It is quite possible that by this time he is again a widower.

Kyo was one of the few natives in the tribe who had seen the tattooed people of the West, and as a result of this he had seen perhaps more of human bloodshed than any other member of his tribe. As a boy, accompanying his father upon a bear-hunt, which led him to the distant western shore of Smith Sound, he saw his father killed in the struggle with a party of the tattooed men. Years after, as a young

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man, he had the pleasure of killing his father's murderer, and then, by some chance which I never could understand, the wife of this murdered man, with her young son, became a resident of the Whale Sound region. That son, now grown to be a stalwart young man, is the only one in the tribe whom the great *angakok* fears, and now that his superstitious prestige is gone, it is quite possible that he may have already paid the debt of the bloody feud at the hand of the young Ootooniah.

II

YARNS BELOW

CRYING TOMMY

The Story of an Apprentice-boy Who Saved the Ship

JENKS, the master-at-arms, otherwise known as Jimmylegs, was the best Jimmylegs in the naval service of the United States. His countenance was usually as stolid as a mummy's, and his voice as steady as the Sphinx's might have been. He would have announced: "The magazine is on fire, sir," in precisely the same tone as: "John Smith has broken his liberty, sir." Therefore when Mr. Belton, first-lieutenant of the training-ship *Spitfire*, in his first interview after coming aboard, detected a rudimentary grin upon Jimmyleg's usually impulsive face, he stopped short in the perilous operation of shaving while the ship had a sharp roll on, and asked:

"What is it, master-at-arms? Out with it!"

"Just this, sir," replied old Jenks, crossing

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his arms and tugging at his left whisker with his right hand. "Along o' that 'prentice boy, Hopkins — the other boys call him Crying Tommy, because he's always blubbering about something or 'nother. That boy'd be worth good money to a undertaker, he's got such a distressful countenance. Well, sir, I brought him down, with a batch o' other boys from the training - station, and he didn't half seem to like going aboard. Howsomedeever, I never misdoubted as how he'd jump the ship. But after them boys was landed at the dock, I looked around, and there wasn't no Crying Tommy. I brought the rest of 'em along, and reported on board ship, and then I started out on a quiet hunt for that there boy. I didn't have no luck, though; but about dark that evening there come over the for'ard gangway a great strappin' red-headed girl about fifteen, holdin' on to Crying Tommy like grim death, and he scared half out of his wits. She marches him up to me, and she says, 'Here's that dratted boy'—dratted was the very word she used, sir—and she kep' on, 'He won't run away no more, I think — not if my name is Mary Jane Griggs.' And I says to her, bowin' and tryin' to keep from grinnin', for the girl

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had as honest a face, sir, as I ever clapped eyes on: ‘Miss Griggs, may I ask what relation you are to Mr. Hopkins here?’ And she snapped out: ‘Not a bit; only after his mother died we took him in our house, and he paid his way—when he could. Then one day I read in the paper about naval apprentices, and I said to Tommy: “That’s the place for you.” So he went and signed the articles. That was six months ago. And this afternoon, when I come home from the box-factory where I works, there was this great lummux.’ Well! how her eyes did flash! Mr. Belton, I’m afraid o’ red-headed women and girls, sir—that I am—and Crying Tommy, I saw, was in mortal fear of Mary Jane Griggs. And she says: ‘I marched him straight back; he bellowed like a calf—he’s the greatest crier I ever see; but I want you to take him and make him behave himself.’ ‘I will endeavor to do so, Miss Griggs,’ says I, and then she gave her flipper to the boy, and went off home, I suppose, and we sailed that night.”

“Well, what sort of a boy is he?” asked the lieutenant.

Jimmylegs tugged at his whiskers harder than ever.

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"Well, sir," he said, presently, "the boy ain't no shirk. He's a foretopman, and the captain of the foretop says he's the smartest boy he's got aloft. But he keeps on crying, and I'm mightily afraid he'll start some of the other boys to crying, and they'll think the ship is a penitentiary. Low spirits is ketchin', 'pecially in the fo'c'sle, and I wish that blessed brat would stop his bawling. I'd like you to speak to him, sir; you've got such a fine way with boys, sir." Which was true enough.

"Send him here," said the lieutenant, wiping his face after his shave.

Presently there came a timid knock at the door, and Crying Tommy appeared. He was a sandy-haired boy of sixteen, ill-grown for his age, of a most doleful countenance.

"Well, my lad," said the lieutenant, cheerily, "I hear that you are always piping your eye. What's that for?"

Crying Tommy shook his head helplessly, but said nothing.

"Do the men run you?"

"Yes, sir; but—'tain't that."

"Do you get enough to eat?"

"Yes, sir—never had such good grub in my life before."

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"Then what in the name of sense are you always howling for?"

Crying Tommy looked about him more helplessly than ever, and then burst out suddenly and desperately:

"I don't know, sir, except that I've always had—somebody to look out for me. Mary Jane Griggs done that—she's a corker, sir—and she made me go and be a 'prentice—and I didn't want to; she made me go—that she did, sir!"

"I'm not surprised that Mary Jane wanted to get rid of you if this is the way you acted. Now mind; do you stop this boo-hooing, and do your duty *cheerfully*. Do you understand me? For I hear that you do your duty. And if you don't, why"—here the lieutenant quickly assumed his "quarter-deck" voice and roared out, "*I'll give you something to cry for!*"

Crying Tommy fled down the gangway. Half an hour afterwards the lieutenant was on the bridge, the anchor was picked up, the *Spitfire* was spreading her white wings to the freshening breeze. Mr. Belton, watch in hand, was keenly observing the young bluejackets, and when he saw that all plain sail was made within ten minutes, he put his watch back with

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a feeling of satisfaction. He had sailor-boys to count on, not farmers and haymakers, aloft. Especially had he noticed one boy, who, laying out with catlike swiftness on the very end of the topsail-yard, did his work with a quickness and steadiness that many an old man-o'-war's man might have envied. When this smart youngster landed on deck Mr. Belton was surprised to see that it was Crying Tommy, looking, as usual when he was not crying, as though he were just ready to begin.

But Mr. Belton had something else to study besides the boys, and this was the ship. The *Spitfire* was a fine, old-fashioned, tall-masted, big-sparred frigate, that could leg it considerably faster under her great sails than under her small engines. She had the spacious quarters for officers and the roomy, airy spaces between decks, for the men, of the ships of her class, and was altogether a much more comfortable boat for cruising than the modern floating forts that could have blown her out of the water with a single round. Stanch and weatherly, Mr. Belton had but one fault to find with her, and that was the situation of her powder-magazine. It was exactly where it ought not to have been; for the breech of one of her guns was directly

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over the chute by which the ammunition was hauled up. Whenever that gun was fired, Mr. Belton would go up to the gun captain and give him a look of warning, and the man would respond to this silent caution by touching his cap. Nevertheless, the lieutenant said to himself sometimes: "If we finish this cruise without some trouble with the magazine, the *Spitfire* will deserve her name of a lucky ship."

They had sailed in April, and six very satisfactory weeks had been passed at sea. Homesickness and seasickness had disappeared after the first week, and the whole ship's company, from the captain down—who rejoiced in such a first-lieutenant as Mr. Belton—was happy and satisfied, with the possible exception of Crying Tommy. The master - at - arms never had so little disagreeable work to do, and so he told Mr. Belton one Sunday morning after inspection.

"By-the-way," asked the lieutenant, "I see that Hopkins boy is doing well. He has never had a report against him. Has he stopped that habit of howling for nothing?"

"Well, sir," replied old Jimmylegs, "he has, partly. The other boys laughed at him, and that done him good. They've caught on to

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Mary Jane, and they asks him if he has to report to Mary Jane twicet a day when he is ashore, and such like pullin' of his legs as boys delights in. The other day, sir, he got to cryin' about something or 'nother, and they run him too hard. I saw 'em and heard 'em, but they didn't know it. Fust thing Crying Tommy lights out from the shoulder, and laid the biggest of 'em sprawlin', and they shoved off pretty quick, sir. I didn't think as 'twas my duty to report him for fightin', and I 'ain't never had occasion to report him for nothin' else. A better boy nor a smarter at his duty I 'ain't never seen, sir."

One lovely May morning, a few days after this, found the *Spitfire* off the glorious bay of Naples. The sun shone from a sapphire sky upon a sapphire sea, while in the distance rose the darker blue cone of Vesuvius, crowned with fire and flame. Across the rippling water swept innumerable sailboats, while tall-masted merchantmen and steamships, with inky smoke pouring out of their black funnels, ploughed their way in and out the harbor. Near a huge government mole half a dozen majestic warships, strung out in a semicircle, rode at anchor. A great British battle-ship, all black and

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yellow, towered over the smart little cruiser near by, which also flew a British ensign from her peak. Not far away lay a French ship, with remarkably handsome masts and spars and a wicked-looking ram as sharp as a knife, that could cut an armored ship in half like a cheese, if ever she got the chance. Farther off still lay three Italian men-of-war, from one of which flew the blue flag of an admiral. The captain of the *Spitfire* was with Mr. Belton on the bridge as they came in, with a fair wind, and a mountain of canvas piled on the ship. The captain, knowing that no man could handle a sailing-ship more beautifully than his first-lieutenant, was quite willing that he should show his expertness before the thousands of sailors watching the *Spitfire*. On she rushed, the water billowing against her sides as her keen bows cut her way through the blue waves. Mr. Belton, with a seaman's eye, selected an admirable anchorage, and just as the onlookers were wondering where the *Spitfire* meant to bring up, she made a beautiful flying move. Her yards were squared like magic, and her sails furled with almost incredible swiftness. With a gleam like lightning and a rattle like thunder her cable rushed out of the hawse-

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hole, and scarcely had the splash of her anchor resounded when the Italian colors were broken at the masthead and the first gun of the salute boomed over the bright water.

"Well done, *Spitfire!*!" cried the captain, and well done, indeed, it was.

Twenty guns roared out, with scarcely a second's difference in their steady boom!—boom!—boom!—and then there was a sudden break before the twenty-first gun was fired. Mr. Belton turned, and his eye instinctively flashed upon the starboard gun over the magazine. Yes, there it was — that accident for which he had been looking ever since he set foot on the ship. The shreds of a blazing cartridge-bag dropped under the breech, and a faint puff of wind blew them over the edge of the open chute. Down they went into the powder-magazine.

The lieutenant hardly knew how he reached the deck and sped along it, but in a moment he had leaped down the ladder towards the open door of the magazine, where an ominous crackling was heard. And instead of half a dozen men at work flooding the magazine, there were half a dozen pale, wild-eyed, and panic-stricken creatures, as the bravest will be sometimes,

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crowding out into the passage, and quite dazed with fear.

“Return to your duty!” shouted Mr. Belton. He felt for his pistol, and not finding it, seized a bucket of water that was handy and dashed it in the men’s faces. The shock brought them to their senses; they stopped in their mad flight and turned towards the magazine. Mr. Belton rushed like a catapult among them, wedged together in the narrow passage, and right behind was old Jimmylegs with a bucket of water. They could see a boyish figure on hands and knees in the magazine with a wet swab, crawling about and putting out the sparks that flashed from all over the floor. The next moment the whole floor was awash; the danger was over, and Mr. Belton and the master-at-arms had time to observe that the boy who had stood to his post when men fled was Crying Tommy, and he was crying vigorously. When he saw that the fire was out, he sat down on the wet floor and began to howl louder than ever. Old Jimmylegs seized him by the shoulder, and giving him a shake that made his teeth rattle in his head, bawled:

“Choke a luff, and tell the orficer about the fire!”

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Crying Tommy was so scared at this that he actually stopped weeping, and wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his jacket.

"I see the loose powder on the floor burning, and the men saw it, and then one of 'em called out, 'Oh, Lord! we're dead men!' and they all ran away." Here Crying Tommy piped up again.

"And you didn't run away. Go on," said Mr. Belton.

"So I reached out for the swab and the water-bucket, and I swabbed the floor the best I could."

"A-cryin' all the time, no doubt," put in old Jimmylegs.

"I couldn't help it, sir," whimpered Crying Tommy.

"Well," said Mr. Belton, "you had something to cry for this time. Now get out of here. You've saved the ship."

Not long after this, one Sunday morning, the boatswain was directed to pipe all hands up and aft. And when all the officers and men were assembled, the captain read out the appointment of Thomas Hopkins, apprentice boy, as acting gunner's mate for his gallantry in putting out the fire in the magazine on that May morning. Then Mr. Belton handed Tom-

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my a handsome watch as a gift from the officers, at which the men cheered, and Tommy bowed and bowed again, and presently put up his ever-ready jacket sleeve to his eye; and the officers roared with laughter and the men grinned, and Tommy went below, weeping but very happy.

One day, some years after this, Mr. Belton and old Jimmylegs, who were then on different ships, met at the navy-yard gate, and, being old shipmates, they exchanged very warm greetings. Presently there passed them a smart-looking young gunner, and holding his arm was a tall, fine-looking young woman in a red gown, with a red feather in her hat, red cheeks, and a brilliant red head, and she looked very proud and smiling. Her companion, on the contrary, seemed overcome with bashfulness on seeing the lieutenant and the old master-at-arms, and hurriedly saluting, made off in the opposite direction, looking uncommonly sheepish.

“That, sir,” said Jimmylegs, with a sly grin, “is Gunner Hopkins, and that is Mrs. Hopkins. They’re just married. He used to be called Crying Tommy, and she was Mary Jane Griggs, sir.”

“I remember,” answered the lieutenant, smiling.

THE FLAG OF THE FIRST CUTTER

At the Battle of Mobile Bay

“**T**URN out, old man, it’s ‘general quarters,’ and I think we’re going in.” Harry was out of his bunk in one second, and clasping his sword-belt in the next. At Mobile Bay, in 1864, they slept ready for duty, except side-arms, and in a twinkling all hands were on deck and the starboard battery manned.

It was four o’clock of a warm August morning in the gun-room of the United States gun-boat *Metacomet*. The light of dawn was already broad in the east, and the rest of the fleet lay heaving gently on the swell that came rolling in from the sea.

“The ‘Flag’ has signalled to come alongside,” was whispered from man to man, and the watch on deck was already getting the anchor catted.

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Everybody knew what that meant; some of them had been alongside the flag-ship before, passing the rebel batteries at New Orleans, Port Hudson, and Vicksburg. All around them on the other ships there was an air of suppressed excitement and movement. Signals were run up here and there to yard-arm or gaff. Orders were given to serve coffee and such early breakfasts as could easily be prepared, and then, one by one, the smaller vessels began to steam quietly alongside their larger consorts. The little black monitors drew out from the lee of Sand Island, where they had been anchored in a bunch for protection against possible hurricanes.

It was the Gulf of Mexico that stretched out to the southern horizon, and the low shore to the north, scarcely visible at this early hour, was the Alabama coast. It was to Mobile, in 1701, on his third visit to the Gulf, that Pierre Le Moyne Iberville transferred the French colony which he had founded at Fort Biloxi in 1698. For these low wooded islands France, Spain, and England had fought, off and on, for a hundred years and more; and almost before the young American republic was out of its cradle it had to fight Spain and Eng-

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land in these very waters before it could gain a clear title to the land. But now there was a still younger flag afloat over the grim bastions of Fort Morgan—a flag that for more than three years had replaced the Stars and Stripes, and had been most gallantly upheld, for its defenders were Americans.

But Harry and the rest of the young dare-devils on the gun-boat thought not of any of these things as the light grew brighter and the two ships were lashed side by side. They only knew that there was lively work ahead. Before them lay a channel thickly set with torpedoes, forts with a hundred big guns covering the approaches, and in the bay beyond a hostile squadron, and a huge iron-clad ram, whose commander had boasted that he could sink the whole Yankee fleet. The young fellows were very jolly over it all as they hurriedly swallowed their breakfasts on the gun-deck; but a little later, no doubt, many a heart sank a trifle under the blue tunics when the forts opened fire. They hardly realized exactly what was before them, that something like three hundred of their mates on the different ships would be either killed or wounded before ten o'clock in the morning; but even if they had realized

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it all, they would have gone on and done their duty just as pluckily as they did.

The *Brooklyn* led the column, and drew the fire of the fort at a few minutes after seven o'clock. Captain Alden waited full three minutes before replying to the compliment, then his great rifled cannon thundered an answer, and after that for several hours there was no interruption to the strain of disciplined excitement. But it is not the story of that famous fight that I am going to tell, only a little incident that might readily be overlooked by the historian.

Harry C. Niels, Ensign, U. S. N., was the full style and title of the young lad whom we have introduced as "Harry." He was on duty at one of the waist guns, and his ship, the *Metacomet*, and her big consort, the *Hartford*, Farragut's famous flag-ship, now used at Annapolis, were right in the thick of the fight, not five hundred yards from the fort, when the monitor *Tecumseh*, close at hand, was blown half out of water by a torpedo, and went down, carrying with her most of her crew. Admiral Farragut, lashed in the main rigging of the *Hartford*, saw some men swimming about where the ill-fated craft went down. So did Captain Jouett,

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on the *Metacomet*, and he instantly gave orders to send a boat.

"Away there, first cutter! Nields, go and pick those fellows up."

The bluejackets swarmed over the side—the ships were moving so slowly that it could be done—and dropped one after another into their places in the boat. Harry was among the first, and jumped to his station in the stern-sheets. "Shove off! Oars! Stern, all!" And the cutter dropped astern, out from under the sheltering wooden walls, that did not shelter so very much, after all, into the storm of shot that whipped up the smooth sea in angry little spirits, and tore through the air overhead in both directions between the ships and the fortress.

The young boy ordered his men to give way, and headed his boat, as nearly as he could guess, through the dense powder smoke towards the spot where the monitor went down. Then he glanced astern. No, the colors were not stepped! Captain Jouett was watching him, although he did not know it. The flag lay on the stern-sheets of the boat in its water-proof ease. Harry pulled the ease off as coolly as if it had been his umbrella cover and he had been

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walking in the quiet New England town where he was born. He shook out the folds of the flag, stepping it properly as he had been accustomed to do, and held the boat to her course through the battle smoke and shrieking missiles that flew back and forth over his head.

But the rest of the fleet knew nothing of all this. The men below on the gun-deck could actually hear the torpedoes bumping against the ship's side as she dragged over them. Naturally, under the circumstances, torpedoes held a somewhat prominent place in their thoughts at that time. The captain of the *Hartford*'s bow gun caught sight of something through the drift. "Torpedoes!" thought he, and forthwith he trained his hundred-pound pivot rifle upon it. His practised eye glanced along the sights, and just as the great gun came to bear and the lanyard tightened in his grip, some one caught his sleeve and exclaimed, "For God's sake, Jack, don't fire; that's one of our boats!" And sure enough, the coolness of young Nields in unfurling the flag had probably saved his own life and that of his gallant crew.

On they went, nearer and nearer to the fort and its tongues of flames, till they were among the survivors of the *Tecumseh*'s crew.

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Ten men were all that remained afloat, though as many more saved themselves by swimming ashore. With these half-drowned fellows aboard, the cutter pulled rather heavily, and as the flag-ship was now well on past the fort, it was hopeless to try to overtake her; so Harry headed his boat for the *Winnebago*, put the *Tecumseh* men aboard of her, and reported for duty on board the *Oneida*, which, with the *Galena* lashed alongside, brought up the rear of the column.

More than once during that eventful morning he wished himself back on his own ship, which had the excitement of a successful running fight up the bay with the light-weight Confederate gun-boats. The *Oneida*, on the contrary, was severely punished by the fire of the forts, and was towed out of range by her consort with her starboard boiler crushed by a shell, her steering-gear shot away, and a third of her crew killed or wounded.

Thus crippled, she could only look on while the iron-clad *Tennessee* gallantly endeavored to make good Commodore Buchanan's boast that she could sink the whole Yankee fleet. At last, with her commander sorely wounded, her smokestack shot away, her rudder-chains gone,

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several of her guns disabled, she surrendered, and quiet once more reigned on Mobile Bay, although Fort Morgan was still pegging away with her landward batteries to repel the shore attack. As soon as Harry saw the *Metacomet* come to anchor he walked aft. Captain Mul-lany, of the *Oneida*, had been carried below early in the action with his left arm shot off, and Lieutenant Huntington, second in command, had the deck.

Harry looked very much as does the captain of a football team nowadays after a championship game. Some sort of a flying missile had grazed his head, and he had tied it up with his handkerchief till such time as the surgeons should have done with the serious cases.

Harry touched what was left of his cap.
“May I go home, sir?”

The lieutenant was absently watching two “jackies” who were setting up some damaged rigging. At this he turned and looked Harry over.

“Who are you, sir?” he asked, for in the excitement of the action he had forgotten the incident of the boat.

“Ensign Nields, sir, of the *Metacomet*. ”

“Oh, to be sure; I beg your pardon, Mr.

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Nields. Yes, you may go. How many of the *Tecumseh's* men did you pick up?"

"Ten, sir."

"It was very well done, sir! Very pluckily done! You may give my compliments to Captain Jouett, and I take the liberty of adding poor Captain Mullany's, and tell him I said so."

"Yes, sir."

"Any of your men hurt?"

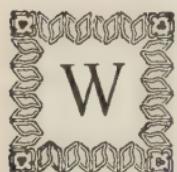
"Nothing to speak of, sir."

"Very good, sir; you may go."

So the first cutter was called away and went back to the *Metacomet*, where they were welcomed and complimented, and, what was more important, got a good square meal, and Harry had the pleasure and honor of having his name mentioned in general orders for especial bravery and coolness. He remained in the navy, and at the time of his death in 1880 had attained the rank of lieutenant commander.

THE RESCUE OF McMASTERS

How a Medal of Honor was Won off Hatteras

HEN the *New York* swung out of her berth at the navy-yard and steamed swiftly down the bay to overtake the North Atlantic Squadron, which had already passed the Hook on its way to the midwinter manœuvres in the Gulf, Captain Harmer cast his eye to the sky, and said to his executive officer:

“Mr. Davis, we are going to run into a big gale, probably before we reach Hatteras. Make sure that everything is extra snug about the ship. If we have a tornado I want to go through unscathed, and, if possible, without the loss of a piece of crockery. We'll show those who have said that this ship is top-heavy and dangerous in her rolling and pitching what she can do. I'm glad we are going to have a gale; the rougher the better, say I.”

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Executive officer Davis agreed with his superior officer (it was his business to do so), and said he would welcome an opportunity to show the superior qualities of the ship. The captain noticed, as he ran his eye along the decks, that some of the officers' stores, which had been rushed on board just before sailing, had not been stowed away. Although these stores are the private property of the officers, and out of the strict notice or jurisdiction of the captain, Captain Harmer said:

"I think I would have those stores put away under the care of one of the ensigns if I were you, Mr. Davis. The stewards may be a little careless in the rush to straighten out things, and I don't want anything to get loose during the trip. Let us make a record, and send a clean bill in the report to the admiral on the behavior of the ship in a storm."

Again Mr. Davis assented. It was for that reason that Ensign Bernardi saw that the stores were sent down the hatchway and made secure in the little compartment where the food-supplies of the officers were kept. Two hours afterwards, when the *New York* was abreast of the Hook and had taken in her signals, she crowded on steam to overtake the rest of the

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fleet, which was disappearing in the horizon, and the executive officer reported to the captain that the ship was snug and tight.

"Very good," said Captain Harmer. "Now let the storm come on."

And the storm did come—one of those raging tempests that are born in the Gulf was sweeping up the coast. Life-lines were stretched on all the ships of the squadron. Slow speed had been signalled by the admiral. As far as possible every ship was ordered to keep a widened but regular interval from the other ships. Keenly the officers of the *New York* watched their own vessel and the vessels near them. All through the night the vessels plunged and pitched, and when day came the *New York* was exactly where she should have been. The *Maine* seemed to be in some difficulty, and the *Bennington* was tossing like a tugboat. It was hard at times to keep the interval between ships, because it was only when the *New York* was on the crest of a wave that the others could be seen at all. Even then some of the other ships were out of sight, because they were wallowing in the water valleys of the terrific sea.

Night came on again, and the ships were ap-

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proaching Hatteras. Search-lights were flashing. The admiral had ordered that an interval of two miles be kept between the ships for safety's sake. Every man in the fleet showed that he was under a nervous strain. This storm would show whether modern war-ships of the United States navy could not only ride out the fiercest kind of a gale, but could steam ahead together in orderly fashion. The captain, executive officer, and the navigator stood on the bridge of the *New York*.

"I guess the *Maine* is in distress," said Captain Harmer. "She seems to have stopped off there on our port bow, and is trying to signal something to the flag-ship. Can you read what she says? Ask the signal-officer what she says." The *Maine* apparently had stopped, and was within signal distance.

"The *Maine* reports that the weather is too heavy for her to proceed, and has asked the admiral for permission to lie to until the storm lets up a bit," was the reply; "and the admiral has given his permission."

"Well, the *New York* won't make such a request unless she is in danger of foundering," said the captain.

Just at that moment a great green wave rose

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up on the starboard bow. The *New York* plunged down into the gulf at its feet, and, swaying, began its upward climb to the top. The mass of water towered far above the bow in the black night, and a cry of warning swept along the ship. Long before the *New York* had reached the top the wave leaped aboard, and with a thundering crash broke on the deck and swept past the gun-sponsons, drenching every man not on the bridge. Another wave followed quickly and leaped aboard on the starboard quarter, and the *New York* quivered and shook in every beam and frame.

"Keep right ahead," said Captain Harmer to the navigator, whose looks plainly indicated that he wanted to slow down the ship. As the captain turned a messenger dashed up the ladder to the bridge. The executive officer listened, and then, in an angry voice, said:

"Tell Mr. Bernardi to straighten them out, and that the captain holds him responsible for the matter."

Mr. Davis had scarcely spoken when the cry "Man overboard!" went ringing across the deck. The alarm was rung, and men and officers dashed to the decks. Another messenger rushed up to say that the water which had

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crashed through the after-deck skylight had so damaged the stores of the officers that it was necessary to bring them into the "wardroom country."

"Never mind about the stores. What do we care about that?" shouted the captain, who showed evidence of great irritation. The navigator had already ordered the engines stopped. The executive officer had ordered a boat cleared away. A Coston-light had been tossed overboard, and numerous life-preservers had followed it.

"Who is gone?" shouted the captain.

"McMasters, a seaman," was the answer.

"Let Mr. Bernardi take command of the boat," said the captain.

"He's down looking after the stores, sir," said the executive officer.

"I'll go, sir," said Ensign Wilkins, and soon the life-boat was struggling in the wild waves, and the *New York* had come about. McMasters had been thrown against a sponson, and in a partly unconscious condition had been swept overboard, just as the skylight on the after-deck had broken and the incoming water had drenched the officers' stores. While the boat was being lowered, the stewards had brought the

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stores into the wardroom. Captain Harmer was angry. He had lost his alignment in the fleet; the *New York* had had to stop; he would have to report that the stores had not been stowed away securely.

"Save the man at all hazards," he said, as Wilkins and the volunteer crew left the ship.

It was a terrific struggle. Search-lights were used to try to guide the small boat. It disappeared behind wave after wave. It seemed as if the *New York* would never come around and get near the burning light or its brave men. Captain Harmer was agitated. He left the bridge, and when he was seen to go towards the ward-room for a personal inspection of the situation there officers and men knew that his black looks meant trouble for some one. He walked in, and found stewards and officers trying to lash together furniture, flour-barrels, crates of fruit, and other articles, which were being tossed about in hopeless confusion in that room which is most orderly. Some of the officers who had been relieved of watch were standing in their bath-robes at the entrance to their room, and were grinning at the spectacle.

"Where is Mr. Bernardi?" demanded the captain.

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"He is not here, sir," was the answer.

"Not here? Where is he, then?"

No one answered, and with a scowl and muttering something, Captain Harmer left the place to go to the bridge to watch the rescue. Half an hour had nearly elapsed, and the *New York* had swung around close to Ensign Wilkins and his crew. The search-light was thrown on them, and those on the ship could see with a sense of relief that they had found McMasters and would bring him safely back.

"Hunt up Ensign Bernardi and send him to my quarters," said the captain to the executive officer as he left the bridge, "and when the crew gets back do your best to catch up with the fleet."

"I shouldn't wonder if the 'old man' intends to rebuke Bernardi for being missing when he sent for him," whispered the executive officer to the navigator.

"He might order him under arrest," remarked the navigator.

"He means to do something, or he wouldn't have gone to his quarters in a rage at such a time as this," said the executive officer.

Slowly the life-boat battled its way back to the *New York*. Wilkins stood up in the stern,

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guiding the craft from wave to wave, easing off here and plunging ahead there, to avoid capsizing. It was delicate and skilful seamanship. The struggling sailors were almost exhausted, and Wilkins was urging them on at every stroke. The boat finally turned under the lee of the big cruiser, lines were thrown down, and with a cheer the first man of the rescue crew jumped to the deck.

"Quick, men!" he cried; "lend a hand to bring up those exhausted men. McMasters is all right; he'll pull through after a time; but it's the others we fear for."

After a painful suspense boat and crew were on deck, and two figures were carried forward to the "sick-bay." Five minutes later the executive officer was reporting to the captain. The ship was just plunging ahead once more.

"Did they save McMasters?" asked Captain Harmer, before Mr. Davis could speak.

"Yes, sir. He was almost unconscious when he was swept over, but the water revived him, and he kept up, until—"

"Where is Mr. Bernardi?" thundered the captain, suddenly interrupting Mr. Davis. "His absence amounts to insubordination. I have a good mind to order him under—"

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"That's just it," said the executive officer. "He's in the 'sick-bay' with McMasters. You see, it was this way: Bernardi saw McMasters go overboard, and jumped after him. The ship was rising when he jumped, and he must have had a thirty-foot jump. He caught McMasters, and for half an hour kept him from drowning. Both were about to go down for the last time, when they were pulled in by Wilkins and his men. The doctor says that he thinks Bernardi broke a rib or two when he struck the water, but that he'll pull through all right. He's terribly exhausted."

Captain Harmer's eyes danced with pride. "Tell the navigator," he said, quietly, "that he need not try to regain his place in the fleet. Just go along at a comfortable pace. And you needn't pay any attention to those stores for the present. When we get in a little smoother water they can be put back. We shall have a story worth reporting to the admiral."

And that was why the *New York* arrived in Charleston behind all the other ships except the *Maine*, and why, a few weeks later, the Secretary of the Navy in person presented Ensign Bernardi with a medal for "distinguished personal bravery."

THE PROFESSOR'S SCORPION

A Midshipman's Adventure in Upper Guinea

AR along one of the rivers of Upper Guinea, Africa, glided a barge having a swivel in the bow and with a small canoe in tow. It was from the United States ship *Ranger*, then cruising off the coast, and had been sent on an exploring trip in charge of the first lieutenant. The hardy fellows tugging at the heavy oars, the officer in command, the bright-looking boy midshipman who accompanied him, and Mr. Needel—an elderly professor of natural history--gazed about them with deep interest as the boat kept on. Between the dense masses of water-canæs, acacias, rattans, and tall, curious trees which, with interlacing branches and wild vines, darkened the swampy forest through which the river coursed, the barge held its way. Monkeys screamed and chattered overhead, and

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frightened flocks of beautiful paroquets rose from the shrubbery. The *pintado*, or guineahen, thrust its tufted head from the slender canes. Far up among the vines the green ape—or *callitriche*, as the professor termed it—swung by a tendril to and fro, like a weird little harlequin. Suddenly, as the boat was passing a stream that branched off from the river, the naturalist, pointing that way, cried out:

“A scorpion! a scorpion! I must have it!”

Adrift, on a piece of floating bark, twenty yards off, could be seen the scorpion, which was of a rusty iron color, and fully seven inches long. The stream, not far from its mouth, was too narrow to admit the barge, so the professor was allowed the use of the canoe, and the midshipman was ordered to accompany him.

“Ay, ay, sir,” promptly answered the boy, as he nimbly sprang to his feet and arranged his belt, in which was a good revolver, besides the usual dagger.

He was about seventeen, much sunburned, and of a sprightly, pleasant appearance. He was Mr. James Gray, the captain’s son, liked by all his shipmates, and especially by Needel, the naturalist, for he never joked about the

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"old professor and his bugs," as some of his gun-room associates did. Needel, on this occasion, wore a slouch hat, a large pair of green glasses, immense rubber boots, and carried a rifle. A waterproof glass-topped box, for the reception of any curious reptile or insect he might capture, was slung to his back. He and his young companion were soon paddling the canoe, and the barge was kept slowly on its way up the river. The naturalist was finally enabled to capture the scorpion, which he transferred to his glass-topped box. Through the glass, the creature, which was shaped like a lobster, could be seen wriggling about in a rage, its little eyes, in the ugly head that seemed jointed to its breast, gleaming like a couple of green sparks. The professor pointed out to Gray the claws in its two hind legs, and in the last of the six bristly joints that composed its tail; he showed him the hard, pointed, crooked sting, through a hollow of which it ejects a poison liquid. So engrossed was the captor with his prize that some minutes elapsed ere he was ready to set out to rejoin the barge. When the canoe was close to the mouth of the stream both occupants noticed, half hidden by swamp-grass projecting from the shore, an ob-

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ject resembling a large dark log. But while they gazed at it the seeming log lifted a square, ugly head, and went crashing through some reeds, where the water was shallow enough to disclose nearly the whole of its proportions, which were those of a huge hippopotamus.

The brute was about eleven feet long, and with streaks of green slime depending from its thick neck, and its massive head and jaws, and patches of swamp mud adhering to its short, ponderous legs, it presented a hideous appearance.

"Make no noise, professor, and we may pass it without being seen," whispered Gray.

"In any event, I must save my precious scorpion," said Needel, as he slung the box containing the insect to his back.

But he dropped his paddle, and the noise was heard by the beast. It turned, and seeing the light vessel, plunged towards it with open jaws, snorting and bellowing furiously. The professor seized his rifle and fired. But, unused to this sort of weapon in a rocking craft, his bullet went straight down into the stream.

As the brute drew nearer, Gray aimed directly at its throat with his revolver; but scarcely

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was the trigger pulled when the monster's head dropped under water, and the next instant the canoe was in its jaws. Crack! went the wood between its sharp fangs; then with a powerful heave it turned the light craft over, bottom up. Both the occupants were hurled headlong into the stream, with the loss of their firearms. As the boy rose, to find himself neck-deep in water, he almost touched something huge and dark that went plunging past him. It was the hippopotamus, which, with a roar, had thrown its massive form straight towards the naturalist, who stood a few feet to the left of the midshipman. The professor dived, and the form of the great brute fell crashing upon the surface near where he had vanished. He came up close to Gray, on the right of the beast, which, turning and bellowing with rage, dashed towards them. Gray splashed frantically shoreward, where a tree with low branches promised refuge from their pursuer. Encumbered by his long boots, the professor lagged behind Gray, who therefore retraced his steps and caught his companion's hand to help him on. Stumbling along, with his glass-topped box rattling upon his back, the naturalist, still impeded by his boots, made such slow

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progress that the fierce pursuer gained fast upon them.

"Here," cried Needel at last, while they were still up to their waists in water, "please take good care of my box and scorpion."

Letting go the boy's hand, he unslung the box from his back, and hastily threw the strap about Gray's neck, so that the casket hung over his breast.

"What does this mean, sir?" inquired the youth, in surprise.

"It means, my young friend, that you must leave me to shift for myself, and must save your own life," was the reply. "I am only a hinderance to you. I will now go my own way, and if I succeed in escaping the savage brute I will rejoin you, and reclaim my precious scorpion."

The roar of the hippopotamus was now close to his ear, and without giving Gray a chance to object, the professor went stumbling off to the right. Attracted by the great splashing he made, the huge beast, seeming inclined to choose him for pursuit, turned off in chase. Determined to make an effort to save his friend, Gray, drawing his dagger, darted swiftly forward, and aimed a blow at one of the

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animal's eyes, hoping thus to disable and divert the creature. But the latter, turning upon its assailant as he struck at it, caught the point of the weapon on its hard, bony head, and the blade snapped asunder. One quick swing of that ponderous head against the front of the boy's shoulder knocked him down upon his back, under water. Needel, who, a few yards off, had just paused and turned, uttered a cry of dismay on seeing the big toothed jaws plunged beneath the surface to seize the fallen youth. Then he heard a terrible crunching, blending with a brief gurgling, a smothered, bubbling gasp. To the grief-stricken professor these noises told the story of the brave boy's dreadful fate. He wrung his hands at the thought of that bright young form crushed by the monster's jaws. The midshipman was a general favorite. His awful doom would overwhelm his father, the captain, with indescribable anguish, would strike all his shipmates with unavailing horror and regret.

But now Needel saw the hippopotamus quickly lift its head from under the surface. With a loud roar it went plunging off into deep water. How strange were its actions! From side to side it rolled, twisting its massive neck,

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and biting at the air with snapping teeth. Once it dived, but rose instantly with a leap that brought half of its bulky form to view; then it fell back, and swam about in wild circles, splashing the water and bellowing hoarsely. The naturalist, looking back at the spot where it had pounced upon its victim, was astonished to see the midshipman standing erect in the shallow, just recovering breath enough to speak.

"Why, halloo! What does this mean?" cried the overjoyed professor, wading towards the youth.

"You can see, sir," answered Gray, as he held up the strap from which Needel's glass-topped box had hung over his breast.

"Ah!" cried the professor, "I see my box is gone; that I have lost the prize I captured—that valuable scorpion. But I don't care for that, I am so glad to find you alive and un-hurt. Had you perished I should always have reproached myself with having been, though unintentionally, the cause of your death, since it would have been brought about by my coming to this stream for the insect and by your trying to defend me from the savage beast that pursued me."

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"Your box was chewed to fragments — splintered by that monster's teeth," said Gray. "I am sure it was the means of saving my life. The animal's jaws, as they were thrust towards me, met the box and closed over it. But I am puzzled about the brute's so quickly making off after this without a further attempt to molest me."

The naturalist also thought this was very strange.

"Thank fortune, however, you are safe," he added. "When I heard that crunching, not knowing it was caused by those fangs going through the box, I felt sure you were being crushed."

The two looked at the infuriated beast, which, though several minutes must have elapsed since it quitted the boy, was still thrashing about, with awful roars, as of blended wrath and pain. But as the open jaw was turned their way, the spectators discovered why the animal had so quickly left Gray, after chewing the box. Fast to the tongue, far in towards the very root, clinging there with its claws, was the professor's jointed, iron-colored, lobster-shaped scorpion, inflicting sting after sting upon this tender part of the brute with a ma-

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lignant fury and a persistency that drove the victim to the verge of madness.

And now the barge, whose occupants had been attracted by the reports of the rifle and revolver, as well as by the loud bellowing, arrived at the mouth of the stream. A shot from the swivel sent through the thick hide of the monster, and another fired between its jaws, soon ended its life. The midshipman and his companion were then taken into the boat, and in the telling of their story, the professor remarked that though he had lost his precious scorpion, he was overjoyed instead of grieved on that account, as by escaping the teeth of the hippopotamus, when it crushed the box, and by fastening to and stinging the creature's tongue, the venomous insect had been the means of rescuing the captain's son.

Before the ship left the coast the naturalist was fortunate enough to capture another scorpion, larger even than the one he had lost. He kept it a long time, and for this addition to his collection of curious insects he could not help feeling a sort of tender regard, as it never failed to remind him of how his young friend, the midshipman, had been saved from an awful fate.

THE MID-AIR SIGNAL

In the Ice of Kamtchatka

 BITTER disappointment it was to little Tom Trent, the sailing-master's son, a boy of twelve, aboard the coast-inspecting ship *Saracen*, when, half an hour after eight bells, noon, on May 14, 1855, his father told him that a midshipman's warrant, which the lad had been expecting soon, was to be delayed two years longer.

Sadly the little fellow cuddled himself on a gun-slide forward of the waist; but, naturally of a bright, cheerful temper, he finally arose, trying to feel comforted.

“I will still do my duty like a *true man*,” thought he, drawing up his small form.

The vessel, under topsails and top-gallant sails, with a strong wind, was at this time in the Okhotsk Sea, a mile to leeward of the up-

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per west Kamtchatka coast, nearly opposite a purple signal-flag which had been left ashore by the *Saracen's* first lieutenant on the day before for a high-water mark at that point. The boy now heard the boatswain say that as all the officers of the ship would be required on this day to attend a court-martial to be held aboard the craft, Wilton French, a youth of fifteen, the nephew of the master's mate, who was also expecting a warrant, would be sent, instead of a midshipman, after the flag.

Presently quick orders came; the maintop-sail was laid to the mast, and the gig piped down. Tom, having received permission from his father and the captain to accompany French, dropped lightly into the boat, which was then rowed landward by its crew. As a fog was spreading, the captain had given strict orders to French to return as soon as possible to the ship, and not to stop to molest the seals among the ice-drifts. When at last, however, the boat grated against a long, wide strip of fixed ice extending from a shore cove, beyond which was the signal-flag, the mate's nephew, noticing that the ship was then concealed by the fog, thought it was a good time for a little sport.

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"I'm going to have a crack at that fellow with the boat-hook before the fog hides him," he said, pointing to a seal on a floating ice-cake astern.

"No, no!" cried Tom; "the captain told you not to meddle with the seals."

"Oh, come, stow that, young Peter Proper!" retorted French.

Then, in obedience to his command, the cockswain was about to give the rudder a twist, when Tom sprang out on the fixed ice and held the boat firmly, to hinder its being turned.

"Let go that gunwale!" cried French, angrily.

Tom stoutly held on. "I'm doing my duty, Wilton; preventing you disobeying orders," he said.

French leaped out at him, and, being very strong, pulled him away from the boat.

"I'll drag you ashore, my conscientious prig," he shouted, "and leave you there till I come to pick you up!"

Little Trent resisted vigorously.

"Look out for that ice hole!" cried the cockswain, warningly, for during the struggle the lads had slid close to a pool in the ice.

Just then French slipped, let go the master's

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son, and, pitching headlong towards the pool, would have plunged under the ice, to perish there, had not Tom, at the risk of his own life, braced his right foot against the opposite edge of the opening, thus catching the falling youth on his knee. The shock nearly knocked his leg from its position, but the little fellow having his heel in a hollow kept it firm, otherwise both boys would have tumbled into the hole.

After the lads had drawn back from the pool, Wilton grasped Tom's hand, thanking him warmly. "But I must have my way about that seal," he added, running and springing into the gig, to be rowed off before Tom could reach the boat.

Suddenly the report of a gun from the ship came booming over the waters. "The recall gun!" cried Trent. "Quick! Wilton, come back, while I go to fetch the signal-flag."

French, without answering, kept on after the seal.

Tom ran to the signal-flag. As he plucked the low staff from the rocky crevice that held it, close at hand came the rumbling roar of a gale. The cove ice, upheaved by a swell, split asunder, preventing his return over it to the

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gig, which, fearing to lose more time, Wilton had at last headed back. The booming of a second gun from the ship rolled along the darkening sea. With flying rack, mist, and snow, a cold, biting, howling gale came, a moment later, scudding from the east. Trent, waving the flag, now stood on a low shelf near a large boulder that fronted the deep cleft of a tall rock at the extremity of a projecting headland. French strove in vain to reach him. The violent gale blowing directly from shore, driving the rushing waves and the ice against the gig, forced it rapidly back in spite of all the efforts of the crew. A great sea struck the rock slantingly. Trent was hidden by the waters and the spray. After the sea passed, French no longer saw him, and the next instant the storm haze had shut the rock from his view.

“Lost! Tom is lost!” was his despairing cry. “All my fault, too, wasting time going after that seal.”

But Tom, who heard that cry, though he could no longer see the fast-receding boat through the thick mist, had not been washed away by the great wave. He had narrowly escaped by throwing himself behind the concealing boulder, into the cleft of the rugged

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wall. Thoroughly drenched, he at length scrambled, still holding the flag, to a higher shelf of the rock projecting from an opening.

Alone on that uninhabited part of the cold Kamtchatka coast, with no means of making a fire, with ship and boat out of sight, and driven every moment farther from him by the east gale, Tom began to despair. He, knowing that French, if he should reach the *Saracen*, would report him as perhaps lost, now realized his peril.

The full fury of this gale of May 14, 1855, probably remembered by any mariner living who was then in the Okhotsk Sea, finally broke forth. Far along, to the uttermost bounds of the sea, there was one continuous crackling, crashing roar, like the incessant discharges of mighty guns, as swiftly westward, dashing together and rending the ice-drifts, rolled the great green walls of water. Shivering, with the water freezing on his coat, little Tom crouched in the lee of the headland rock, even here exposed to the snow-drifts and sea-spray.

"I'm a lost boy," he muttered. "I'll never get my midshipman's warrant. But French will reach the ship, I think, and he'll tell how

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I did my duty about the seal and the signal-flag to the last!"

He thrust the flag through the opening near him in the rugged wall. His limbs were stiffening. He crawled through the opening, to find himself in a slanting fissure extending to the rock's summit. It was wide enough to enable him to swing his arms and stamp his feet in efforts to keep warm. But it was bitterly cold here, too, and every time he stopped exercising the biting air would benumb his body.

Night came on. Faint and exhausted, his movements became few and feeble. The storm still raged. Long, dreary hours passed. Another day dawned, the atmosphere was clearing, and the gale had subsided to a gentle breeze. Whitened with hardened snow, and partly sheathed in the frozen waters, the tall headland rock resembled some crystal tomb.

Tom lay on the rugged floor of the fissure, near his signal-flag, facing the opening that fronted the ocean, with scarcely power enough to move his benumbed frame, with icicles in his hair and all over his clothes. Half-frozen, he wanted to go to sleep. Something crept to the opening and looked at him. It was a small seal, with soft, humanlike eyes.

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"Come in, little shipmate," said Tom, in a drowsy voice.

He tried to raise a hand to pat the seal on its round head, but then it glided off.

"Little friend has left me," muttered the half-unconscious lad. "I thought he'd be company, but he's gone."

Now he heard a ringing sound. Innumerable tiny silver bells seemed to glitter, swing, and tinkle before him.

"How strange!" thought the boy.

In reality, however, what he saw and heard were shining icicles, dropping under the sun gleams about the opening in front of him.

He was hardly aware that he was lapsing into a dreamy state. But presently the weird, harsh, barking cry of a walrus not far off roused him. A partial sense of the danger he incurred from giving way to sleep nerved him temporarily to struggle against it. He raised his head, looking over the sea with his half-shut eyes for a sail. But discovering none, he was about yielding to the drowsy influence, when, afar off, where a thin, misty strip resembling water extended high above and parallel with the ocean, he saw a ship slowly sailing along through the air! The strange image

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seemed double—another ship was under it, upside down, with its masts pointed towards the sea so far below. But Tom was not at all startled. Having been long enough in the Okhotsk Sea to know that such spectacles were not uncommon in this region, where he had previously witnessed them, he was convinced that he was now looking upon a mirage. The real ship was too far off at sea for him to discover even the tops of her masts, yet there was her image—he knew not she must be the *Saracen*—plainly revealed to him, doubly reflected high in air, gliding towards the desolate coast.

That sight roused him to renewed efforts to keep awake. But from the upper part of the rock big lumps of frozen snow now and then dropping before the opening through which he gazed must finally close it. Then he would be entombed and never discovered, for his shipmates, having probably heard French's report about his seeming to have been swept off by the great wave, would conclude that he had really been lost. But if he could show a sign they might come here to look for him; and so with great difficulty he contrived with his stiffened fingers to push the signal-staff through

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the opening far enough for the bright purple flag to hang over the rocky shelf outside, and he kept it so by resting his breast upon the lower part of the pole. A moment later the mirage had faded away, but Tom could now see the tops of the real ship's masts above the ocean. In a short time the opening in his cave was half-blocked up by the lumps of fallen snow, while in the mean time the lad was having a hard struggle to keep awake.

It was a long struggle. It seemed ages to little Tom; but at last his eyes closed, and he was yielding to the deathly slumber, when the booming of a gun vibrating through his brain created a vision in his confused mind.

A sort of "frost spirit" seemed to appear, having a conical cap of snow ornamented with minute bells of ice. Its short, thick legs, its whole form, and its face were sheathed in icy armor, and it had ice gauntlets, which shook threateningly at the boy as it advanced, crying out:

"They have sent a boat, and are firing a gun that you may know they have seen your signal; but I'll have you in my embrace before they reach you, and my clasp is death!"

On it came. Tom could not move. Present-

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ly it seemed to seize him, and then he recovered from his dreamy stupor to hear his father's well-known voice.

"Wake up, Tom! wake up, my boy!" He opened his eyes. He was in his father's arms. A sailor was pouring brandy from a flask between his lips. Another was bathing and chafing his head. Presently, wrapped in blankets, he was taken to the cutter that had come ashore, and an hour later he was doing so well aboard the *Saracen*, under the surgeon's care, that he was able to tell his father about the mirage—that sign of a coming ship—and to hear explanations from his parent in return.

"French succeeded yesterday in reaching us," he said, "before the full fury of the gale broke forth. His story about you was a heavy blow to me, but I would not give you up, hoping that you might in some way have escaped the great wave that had washed the rock. Therefore, when the gale had subsided, with the wind shifting a little to the north, our ship was headed, close-hauled, for the coast, the signal-flag was seen, a cutter was finally lowered, a gun fired, and with some sailors I reached the headland rock to discover you through the gap in the opening, which was not yet closed by

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the snow clumps lying in the fissure, from which we soon rescued you."

French had honestly told the captain about his own disobedience of orders, and how Tom had not only opposed him, but had also saved his life. The captain, after praising the sufferer both for doing his duty and for his pluck, promised to reward him with the midshipman's warrant in a year's time. French's warrant, for his misconduct, was to be put off indefinitely; but he did not mind this, so overjoyed was he at the rescue of Trent.

The latter at the time promised received his warrant, and there never was a happier boy.

A DUEL WITH HARPOONS

The Skipper's Naval History and its Results

OME years ago a "down-east" whaling captain was dining with a number of American ship-masters at a hotel in Honolulu. The occasion was a Fourth-of-July dinner given in honor of the day by one of the resident merchants, who was a citizen of the United States. Being served on the piazza of the house, the surroundings were not altogether of a private nature, and while the spread-eagle talk of the guests at the table was quite amusing, and not devoid of interest to the general company seated in the vicinity, there was a group of foreign naval officers who evidently failed to relish the somewhat pointed and at times unkindly remarks aimed at them by the Yankees, whose enthusiasm and boasting kept pace with the generous measures of stimulant that went round

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the board with rather startling regularity. At high-water mark in the dinner the whaling captain climbed on top of his chair and proceeded with an old-fashioned backwoods Fourth-of-July oration.

"Ladies an' gentlemen," he commenced, although there was an absence of the fair sex, "this is ther Fourth of July, ther day our forefathers made up their minds that it was 'bout time we stopped Johnny Bull from bullying us, an' treating us 's if we was only good 'nough ter kneel down in ther mud—Jersey mud at that—an' dust off his shoes. This is ther day that ther people of this ere present United States of America declared theirselves jest as good as any King—in fact, that they was all kings, but that as jewelry was putty high, they would dispense with ther crowns. Well, ladies an' gents, our daddies had told George, him that was King of that ten-acre lot across th' Atlantic, that if he didn't stop monkeying with us we would up an' do somethin' ter rile him putty sharp; but George didn't seem ter think we'd dare do it fer all our sass to him; but when he found out that our dog wasn't all bark, then he went ter work an' sent over his war-ships an' his sailors, an' 's

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if he thought that wasn't goin' ter be 'nough ter wallop us, he went an' paid er lot of furrin troops ter come over an' make targets of our granddaddies. Well, yer see, ther Continental Congress wasn't no slouch, an' so they sent down ter Virginia an' told George Washington ter quit raising terbaccer long 'nough ter come up North an' lambaste them Britishers an' Hessians, an' teach 'em that Americans wasn't going ter let 'em go raidin' 'round this great an' glorious country a-shootin' of peaceable people down at Lexington because they didn't git off ther public square quite quick 'nough for ter suit 'em; then ergen settin' fire ter barns, an' even goin' so far 's ter go inter houses an' rip open ther feather-beds our grandmammies set sech store by an' empty ther molasses jug inter ther middle of 'em jest out of derned cussedness. Well, ladies an' gents, we went ter work an' gave ther Britishers a blame good lickin' at Bunker Hill, nigh Boston, State of Massachusetts; then, after we kinder got rested a bit, we started in and gave 'em hail Columbia at er place called Trenton; an' while sech of our boys as Morgan was er knockin' spots out of ther redcoats down South, old Ethan Allen, without firin' a shot, was

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capturin' forts in ther name of ther 'Great Jehovah an' ther Continental Congress'; an' our old ships was fightin' ther best English frigates afloat, an' takin' 'em inter port ter be turned inter American men-o'-war. An' while we're talkin' about lickin' ther British navy, ladies an' gents, don't let us forget about Paul Jones an' his rotten old ship called ther *Good Man Richard*, that went inter ther English Channel an' dared George ter send his ships out ter fight him, an' when at last George fitted out the *Serapis* a-purpose to down John Paul, an' told Capt'n Pearson, him as commanded ther *Serapis*, ter go out an' git ther same John Paul an' bring him in chains ter London as er pirate, John Paul laughed, an' sent word ter George that 'f he didn't keep er civil tongue 'twixt his teeth he would sail up ther Thames River some mornin', an' chuck er cannon-ball inter George's palace jest as all ther swells was a-going ter breakfast. Well, ladies an' gents, ther two ships met, an' what was ther result of ther fight? Why, there was only one result. John Paul sees the *Serapis* a-comin', an' says John Paul, says he, 'She's a pretty nice-lookin' craft; guess I'd better capture her.' Well, ladies an' gents—no, not ladies an' gents, but

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fellow - citizens an' countrymen — what happened when John Paul let drive at ther proud Britisher? All his guns was old an' rotten, an' whenever he fired 'em off they bust an' killed ther men what were handlin' 'em, so in a few minutes John Paul had only a few guns left on the upper deck what hadn't bust, an' his ship was on fire close ter ther magazine, an' so many of his men was killed that ther blood was a-runnin' out of ther scuppers ankle - deep. Ther Britisher was less 'n er hundred feet away, a-plunkin' ther *Good Man Richard* at every crack with cannon-balls heated red-hot, so 's ter set fire to her; an' jest then John Paul's carpenter rushed up from below, an' runs up ter John Paul, who was a-standin' cool 's you please on ther poop-deck, an' he yells out, scart like, 'Ther ship's sinkin', sir!' Well, the Britisher was that close he hears what the carpenter says, so he grabs up his speakin'-trumpet, an' calls ter John Paul, 'Do you surreñder?' An' John Paul he looks at ther British captain kinder scornful like, an' says, 'I haven't commenced ter fight yet.' What was ther result? As I said before, there was only one result, for John Paul he hooked on to ther Britisher, drove all ther English sailors

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below, clapped ther hatches on to 'em, then hauled down ther flag that George was so conceited over, an' runs up th' American banner that had a rattlesnake painted on it, an' underneath it was the words, 'Don't tread on me.' In conclusion, fellow-citizens, let us always remember that we've licked ther Britishers twice, an' we can do it again."

In the midst of the applause that followed the grand wind-up of the skipper's address one of the naval officers, conceiving that the speech just rendered had been intended as an insult to his party, approached the half-tipsy whaling captain, and said:

"Sir, I demand satisfaction for your unpardonable public attack upon my nation. Unless *you are a coward*, you will not seek to escape the natural consequences of your contemptible conduct. I will send my representative to arrange the time and place of meeting"; and bowing haughtily, he rejoined his party.

It is needless to state that the utmost excitement attended the breaking up of the dinner. Several Hawaiian gentlemen present, who were familiar with the English officer's proficiency in sword and pistol practice, told the skipper

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that it would be simply committing suicide for him to encounter the naval gentleman, and suggested that he either evade the meeting by offering an explanation to the effect that no affront was intended, or by going on board his ship and setting sail. To all this well-meant advice the captain turned a deaf ear, stating that he had only told the truth, and that he was willing to stand by what he had said, let the consequences be what they might. He then requested a brother captain to act as his second, and arrange for the encounter, but gave him instructions to the effect that, being the challenged party, the choice of weapons rested with him, and that in case this matter was brought up by the other's second, to inform him that they would be produced on the field.

By morning it was known all over town that a duel was to be fought that afternoon on the beach just beyond the outskirts of the city.

For an hour previous to the time appointed for the meeting, the majority of the male inhabitants had either reached the scene or were on their way thither. Promptly on time the captain was rowed ashore in his whale-boat, and when he stepped out on the sand he was observed to carry a slender bundle under his

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arm. Almost immediately the English officer and his party arrived, the second carrying two delicate swords and a square case, inside of which reposed a pair of duelling-pistols. Upon being requested to make his choice between the two, our whaling friend refused to fight with either, and asked if the laws of the duello were not to govern the affair. Upon being so assured, the captain then asserted that as the challenged party he would name and supply the weapons. Opening his bundle, he produced two harpoons, and coolly requested his second to present them to his opponent for selection. The English party protested against such savage implements, claiming that it was to be a fight between two civilized men, and not spear-throwing savages; but the captain insisted that the harpoon was the only weapon with which he was familiar, and that his antagonist must, according to duelling law, abide by his choice. To this the challenger loftily stated that he was ready and anxious to settle the matter with such arms as became a gentleman, but that he positively refused to descend to the level of a butcher to satisfy the whale-sticking inclinations of his adversary. He then withdrew, followed by the laughter of the audience.

HOW THE POWDER-BOY GAVE US COURAGE

 It was in June, 1869, that the United States gun-boat *Tuscarora* anchored off Bridgetown, Barbados, bound to Key West, Florida, from Valparaiso, Chile. Our stay at Barbados promised to be a gay one. We arrived in the morning, and after the usual ceremonial and social calls upon the men-of-war, our consul, and the officials on shore, we were informed by the captain that we would remain in port three days.

Almost before our anchor was wet we received invitations to a ball that was to be given that night by the garrison officers, to lawn parties, and to more dinners than we could accept. With our reception and dance that we decided to give the day before we were to sail, our hours off duty were all engaged.

I was a midshipman at that time, and was

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on duty the night we arrived. I had the first watch, from eight until midnight. At five bells, half-past ten, I was congratulating myself that I had only an hour and a half more "to plank the deck," when the quartermaster reported the mail-steamer in sight. The captain left orders, as he went on shore to the ball, to board the mail-steamer immediately on arrival and make inquiry as to news from the States. Before she was at her buoy I was alongside in the dingy, and as soon as pratique was granted, I went on board, with the usual inquiry, "What's the news?"

The news was important and exciting: Spain was about to declare war against the United States. There was no cable at that time to Barbados, and this was the first information we had of the serious relations that existed between the two countries.

Upon returning on board the *Tuscarora* I was immediately sent on shore to inform the captain of the news from the steamer. After some delay, I found a trap on the lee side of the small garden in Nelson Square, which faces the inner harbor. The driver said he was engaged by some actors of a travelling theatrical company that was playing in Albert Hall. I

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did not believe him, for the hotels were near at hand; and if he spoke the truth, my duty was so urgent that I felt I was right in convincing him that my gold was better than the actors' silver.

It was, as the driver said, "a beastly night." The trade-winds blew in fresh squalls, with heavy rain, making the drive to Hastings, the garrison post, a very disagreeable one. My impatience to reach the captain was so great that long before we reached Hastings I had climbed to the seat beside the driver and insisted upon taking the reins. I knew better than he how to take advantage of a fair wind, and as we turned to starboard and port, whenever the wind was aft, I lashed the horse into a run. When we brought the wind ahead I slowed him down to trot. In that way we made the best time possible.

At last we reached the garrison, and into the ball - room I rushed, dripping wet. The captain happened to be standing near the door as I entered. The music had stopped playing, and instantly I was the centre of interest. One after another of our officers came up and asked what was the matter. Before I left the ball-room my message had been repeated so many

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times that it had gone around the room, and just as I passed out I heard it stated that "war was declared by Spain against the United States."

Immediately on arrival at Barbados arrangements were made to coal ship, and before sunset the coal-barges were alongside. The coal was to be taken on board during the following morning watch, but the news from the mail-steamer changed all arrangements.

We coaled all night, and the next forenoon found us under way, standing to the westward under sail (*the Tuscarora* was bark-rigged), with half a gale of wind after us. The gale was fortunate, as it enabled us to save our coal for the fight that we midshipmen hoped to experience in a few days.

As soon as we were fairly under way we began to prepare in earnest for battle. All the drills were with the great guns, or with such instructions as would be of use in battle. To be sure, we had been drilling with that object in view all the cruise. The drills of a man-of-war always have in view the possible conditions of battle, but with our prospects the drills were carried on with more interest and more care.

Twice a day we had "clear ship for action"

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and great-gun drill. Several times at night, during the week and more that passed in crossing the Caribbean Sea, we were turned out by the quick beat of the drum that called us to our stations for fighting the ship. When the ship rolled so heavily that it was dangerous to cast adrift the great guns, the officers and men were engaged in firing at targets towed astern and hanging from the fore-yard arms.

The surgeon gave again and again the regular instructions that are given to the officers and men in regard to first aids to the wounded, so that there was not a man or boy fore and aft but knew how to apply the tourniquet to the legs and arms, and how to pass a handkerchief around the head to stop excessive bleeding. In order to drill the men at applying the tourniquet, during great-gun drills it is customary for the officers of the divisions to call out such and such gun number wounded. The man whose number is called drops to the deck, apparently helpless, and the two men who are especially stationed as aids to the wounded apply the tourniquet or handkerchief, and carry the imaginary wounded man to the hatch leading to the lower deck, where he is lowered and carried to the sick-bay.

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I never saw this done but that I wondered if I would be the one to be so handled in case war had been declared and we fell in with a Spanish man-of-war. The nearer we got to Cuba, the more I realized such might be possible. It was well enough to laugh and joke at mess about the glorious prospects before us. Every midshipman on board believed he would do his duty in case of a fight. We sang, as is the custom of midshipmen, and one might easily believe, from what we said, that all of us hoped that we would have to fight, and the bloodier the better. I longed to know what each one really thought. For myself, there was not a day passed after we left Barbados but that I wished I was in my father's barn.

It is about eighteen hundred miles from Barbados to Cape San Antonio, at the western end of Cuba. The captain intended when we left Barbados to touch at Kingston, Jamaica, for coal, but the fair wind we experienced carried us within two hundred miles of Cape San Antonio before it was necessary to furl sail and proceed under steam.

The wind died away in the night, and the morning of June 19th found us under

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steam, with a perfectly smooth sea, standing for the southern coast of Cuba.

During the forenoon we again cleared ship for action. The top-gallant masts and yards were sent down, flying jib-boom rigged in and securely lashed on the outside of the ship, and all unnecessary gear was removed and sent below into the hold. The topmast and fore and main stays were snaked down; that is to say, a small rope was seized in a zigzag manner from one stay to another throughout their length. Extra lashings were passed around the anchors. The fore-sail, top-sails, and fore-and-aft sail were left bent for use in case the engine was disabled. Preventive braces were hooked to the yard-arms. Canvas screens were put around the fore and main tops to hide the sharp-shooters stationed there. The fire-buckets under the tops were filled with water, the fire-hose laid along the deck, and the pumps rigged. The boat sails, well wet, were passed around the boats, to prevent their being set on fire and splintering about the decks. All canopies were sent below, as well as everything else that would be liable to injure the officers and men if hit by projectiles. The extra tiller was shipped, tackles hooked to it and led along the

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deck. The hammocks were piled about the forecastle bridge and poop-deck, especially around the men at the wheel, to give at least some protection against small-arms. Among the last things done was to sand the decks fore and aft so we need not slip in one another's blood.

As soon as the ship was cleared for action the captain called me to go through the lower deck with him while he inspected. We found everything ready and in ship-shape. As we entered the sick-bay and saw the surgeon's assistants with their sleeves rolled up, the operating-table in place, the knives, saws, lint, and bandages laid out, ready for use, I am free to admit that the thought that they might be used on my legs or arms produced a weakening effect on my knees.

We finished clearing for action just before noon, the men's meal hour, and the ship was in that condition when the men were piped to dinner.

At 12.30 the lookout aloft reported land right ahead, and in a few minutes he reported a steamer apparently heading for us. The excitement fore and aft was intense. The midshipman on watch and the chief quartermaster

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were sent aloft to watch and report the movements of the steamer. In a few minutes they reported that she looked like a man-of-war, and was about our size. It was but a short time before we could see her from the deck, and soon there was no mistaking her. She was a man-of-war.

"Can you make out her flag?" the captain asked.

At first the lookouts were not quite sure, but thought she had English colors. After a more careful look they were sure they were English.

Immediately the captain ordered "Beat to battle." As soon as the quick beat sounded, the executive officer's orders, "Cast loose and provide! Man the starboard battery! Load with five-second shell!" were heard fore and aft the ship.

While we were casting loose, the captain remarked:

"It is well to be ready. She looks very much like a Spaniard."

Among our crew there were several men who had been in the service a long time, and had served through the war of the rebellion. I had been in close touch with these men for months, and had seen them cast the guns adrift many

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times, but I never before noticed the determined, earnest look upon their faces.

We had hardly finished casting loose the guns when the quartermaster, who was still aloft, reported, "She has hoisted the Spanish flag at each mast-head." There was no longer a doubt in our minds but that we were at war with Spain.

There was some little delay in the powder division in opening the magazine and shell-rooms, at least so it seemed to me, and I thought the Spaniard would run us down before we could get our guns loaded. This was no doubt due to the nervous strain I was under, which was not relieved by seeing one of the old men sprinkle more sand about the deck.

Our men were a fine lot. Most of them were young and strong, with some bright boys who were stationed at the guns to supply the powder. I noticed when we were casting loose that the old men who knew what fighting was seemed to be very cool, while most of the young men were white as a ghost. Instantly I wondered how I looked. I knew how I felt, for it seemed to me I could not keep my knees from trembling. Fearing that the men would notice

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my condition, I went on the port side to see if everything was in place at the port battery, and stepping behind the hatch near the division, I took hold of my knees and tried to quiet them in the game of tag they were playing.

In order that we might entice the Spaniard near us, we screened our battery as much as possible. A royal was thrown over the gun on the forecastle, the pivot ports were hauled up, other ports lowered, and the port bucklers put in place. The pivot-guns were pivoted to starboard, and the broadside guns run into taut breechings. All the guns were quickly loaded, except the after-gun of my division, which was on the quarter-deck. The men of that gun seemed to be more nervous than the others; at least so it seemed to me. As the loader took the charge from the powder-boy he dropped it on the deck. The tie of the cartridge-bag slipped, and the powder was scattered about the deck. The older men at the gun began to growl at the carelessness of the loader. One of them said, "I hope it will be his luck and not mine," referring to the saying, "Powder spilled before a fight will be washed by blood before the night."

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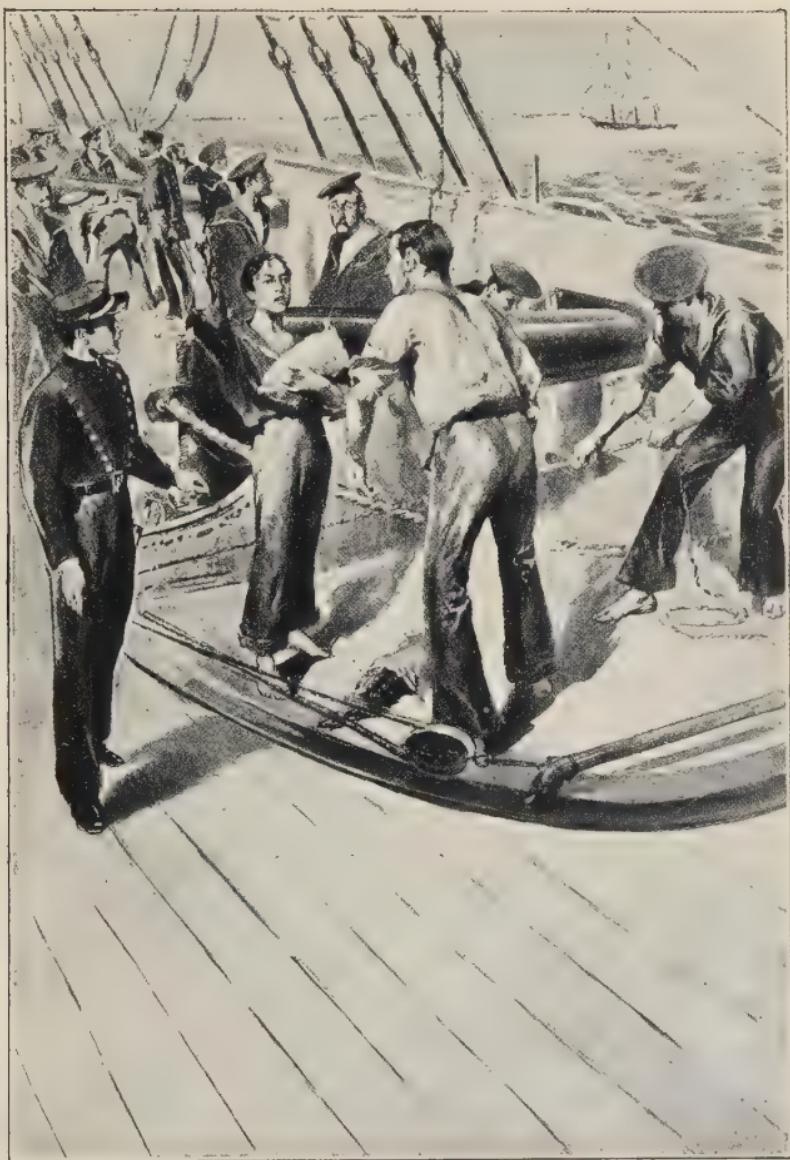
Just as this remark was made, Harry, the powder-boy, had another cartridge ready. As he handed it to the trembling hands of the loader he said:

"What's the matter with you? I guess you forget what flag is flying aft. We can lick the Spaniards as easy as we can eat duff."

"You are right, my lad," said the officer of the division. "That is the kind of talk that wins."

Instantly everybody was fired with the boy's courage. The shake of the knee, the tremble of the hands were gone, and the heart quickly forced the color into the blanched cheeks. We were all ready for the Spaniard in a moment. I never saw the men take hold of the gun-tackles with such eagerness.

Just as all was ready the captain ordered: "Starboard! Steady! Run out!" The ship swung to port, the gun-ports were opened, and the guns were quickly run out and ready for firing. At the same instant the Spaniard, being close aboard, was evidently satisfied with our looks. He also put his helm a-starboard, and with a very low bow to our captain, and with excuses for coming so close to us, the Spaniard stood to the eastward.



““I GUESS YOU FORGET WHAT FLAG IS FLYING AFT””

HOW THE POWDER-BOY GAVE US COURAGE

“He took us for a filibuster,” said our captain, which was a fact.

The saying, “Powder spilled before a fight will be washed by blood before the night,” did not come true, but Harry’s words, “We can lick the Spaniards as easy as we can eat duff,” have never been forgotten, and made Harry a hero in our eyes. Twenty-nine years afterwards the war with Spain came in earnest, and the events at Manila and at Santiago showed how the men of the navy answered the test of real battle.

THE YOUNGEST FILIBUSTER

Tontito and the Naval Officers

N all Key West there was not another bootblack who gave so poor a "shine" for cinco centavos, or who was at the same time so steadily employed, as Tontito. There were a surprising number of bootblacks in Key West, or *Cayo Hueso* (pronounced Kio Wayso), which is the real name of the place, and which means Bone Island; but of them all only two or three were white. The others were black or brown, and many of the latter were Cuban lads, whose parents have fled to this country as refugees. At the same time the island city, lying on the edge of the tropics, seventy miles south of the most southerly mainland of the United States, was not a very promising place for bootblacks, since, except on Sundays or other holidays, four-fifths of its twenty thousand inhabitants

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did not care whether their boots were polished or not. Only the officers of the garrison of the naval station and of the war-ships, one or more of which were generally stationed at Key West, seemed to want their boots "shined" every day. These therefore were the prizes most eagerly sought by the ragged little boot-blacks who infested every shady corner of the hot, white streets.

With all of these gentlemen Tontito had become a prime favorite within a week after his first appearance among them, because, while he was not a success as a bootblack, it was quickly discovered that he could dance to the rattle of castanets, whistle like a mocking-bird, and sing in a clear, sweet voice all the most popular Cuban ballads. He was also a clever mimic, and could reproduce to the life all that was most comical in the movements of the Cuban awkward squad that drilled incessantly with broomstick-guns out on the South Beach, the military stride of the commandant, or the absurd attempts of tourists to climb cocoanut-trees.

In all other respects the sober-faced little chap appeared to be mentally lacking. Apparently he did not know one word of English,

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and when addressed in that language only smiled foolishly. Even when questioned in Spanish he rarely replied; or, if he did, his answers were so meaningless that every one declared him to be half-witted, and so he was called Tontito, which means a little fool.

The one thing that he did seem to thoroughly appreciate was the value of money, which he sought eagerly, and held so tenaciously that no one ever saw him spend a single cent. At the same time he never seemed to have any money, and many were the surmises as to what he did with all the nickels, dimes, and even quarters that were tossed to him by the good-natured officers whom he so often amused during their hours of leisure. It could not be discovered that he had any home, or that he belonged to any one in particular, though all Cubans appeared to have a very friendly feeling towards him. He ate whatever was given to him, and slept wherever he happened to be when sleep overtook him, which was very often, for he was notoriously the睡iest lad on the island.

His favorite haunt in the daytime was the great naval building at the inner end of the government wharf, which, with its thick brick

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walls, ample air spaces, and through draughts, is the coolest place in Key West. Here, more than anywhere else, were to be met groups of officers willing to be entertained by the lad's singing or dancing. Here, too, if there was nothing to be done in the way of business, was a capital place for sleeping.

Tontito was such a pathetic-looking chap in his rags, with his great pleading brown eyes, at the same time being so unobtrusive, so amusing, and occasionally so useful, that he was soon allowed the same liberties about the station as were accorded to the commandant's Irish setter Colon. Moreover, the boy and dog became such fast friends that they were often to be seen curled up together for their daytime naps in the coolest corners of the commandant's own office, where they only attracted good-natured smiles from such officers as happened to notice them. Even if they chose for their resting - place the pile of waste - papers under his writing - table, they were never disturbed, unless it was by black Caleb, the official messenger of the naval station, who, disliking both Cubans and dogs, would drive Tontito and Colon from the room whenever an absence of officers permitted him to do so unrebuked.

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Although our young bootblack and privileged entertainer of United States officers was a Cuban, he seemed to take no interest in the terrible war for freedom that raged on his native island, only eighty miles away, and could not be induced to talk about it even by such of his American friends as spoke Spanish. At the same time it formed the all-absorbing topic of conversation in Key West, where every one sympathized with the patriots, or "insurgents," as the Spaniards called them. The city was filled with refugees, who had fled from their beloved island to escape the cruel tyranny of General Weyler, its Spanish Governor, and most of these had suffered at his hands in one way or another. Many of them were the families of brave men who were fighting for freedom under Gomez or Rivera, and nearly all had relatives or friends in deadly Spanish prisons. Thus all were interested in extending every possible aid to the patriot fighters by sending them supplies of arms, ammunition, medical stores, and the many other things needed to carry on the war for liberty.

Even the Americans of Key West sympathized with the Cubans, and were always willing to aid their cause. Of course the United

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States government was obliged by the law of nations to observe a strict neutrality, and to prevent, if possible, the departure of expeditions from its shores to aid those in rebellion against the lawful authority of a friendly government. For this purpose it kept a fleet of armed vessels constantly patrolling the Florida coast, and several of these were generally to be found in or near Key West harbor. Of course, also, the officers of these vessels were bound to obey orders, and do all that lay in their power to capture or prevent the departure of the filibustering expeditions that Cuban sympathizers were constantly striving to send out, though in their hearts most of them wished success to the patriot cause. Such was the condition of affairs that greeted Tontito's appearance in Key West, but in which he apparently took no interest.

Although such United States officers as were stationed at Key West were inclined to regard the Cuban cause with favor, they never for a moment neglected the duty that bade them defeat, if possible, the plans of the patriots, and their professional pride was humbled by every expedition that successfully eluded their vigilance. So they drew their lines closer and closer,

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watched every vessel that left Key West as a cat watches a mouse, chased them upon the slightest suspicion, overtook even the fastest of them with their swift cruiser *Flying-fish*, and finally seemed to have effectually prohibited the departure of any expedition from that port.

In the mean time arms and ammunition, for want of which the Cuban cause was suffering, accumulated in great quantities at Key West, where it seemed likely they must remain, and the patriot war committee was in despair. At this state of affairs no one rejoiced more than did black Caleb, the official messenger of the naval station, who, as has been said, cordially hated all Cubans, including our young friend Tontito, of whose popularity with the officers he was intensely jealous.

One afternoon the officials who had established this blockade held a conference in the room of the commandant, where they congratulated one another on the success of their plans. They were so confident of having put an end to filibustering at that point that they decided to send two of their vessels up the west coast that very evening, leaving only the *Flying-fish* to patrol the waters immediately about Key West, and with this understanding they sepa-

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rated. After the meeting had adjourned, and Caleb was putting the room in order, he discovered Tontito curled up, apparently fast asleep, under the commandant's table, and angrily drove him out. As the lad, ducking and dodging the irate messenger's uplifted broom, gained the street, Caleb, filled with a sudden suspicion, called him back, and upon his refusal to obey the summons started in pursuit of the young Cuban. Although the boy did not by any means run as fast as he could, he easily maintained a safe lead, until, after dodging through a number of narrow streets and blind alleys, he finally disappeared in a building, at once recognized by his pursuer as the headquarters of the Cuban war committee.

This proceeding so confirmed Caleb's recently aroused suspicions that, while it interrupted his pursuit for the moment, he had no idea of giving up without making a further effort to capture the young spy, as he now mentally termed Tontito. So our lad, who was in turn closely watching every movement of his enemy, had the satisfaction of seeing him slip into a house across the way that commanded a full view of the Cuban headquarters. From

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this place of observation, which happened to belong to one of his friends, Caleb kept a sharp lookout, until he finally saw a dim little figure leave the opposite building and, after a minute of hesitation, scud away in the direction of a wharf much frequented by sponging-craft from the reef.

Again taking up the trail, the negro followed it hotly, until it led him to a schooner, on the deck of which he discovered Tontito in earnest conversation with a man who appeared to be her captain. By this time the official messenger of the naval station believed himself on the eve of making a startling discovery, and, convinced that he was a born detective, determined to watch that schooner until daylight, if necessary, in the hope of learning why the young Cuban had visited her. So he concealed himself among the partially cured and evil-smelling sponges with which the wharf was filled, and held his uncomfortable position until after midnight, when he was rewarded by seeing a number of small but evidently very heavy boxes taken on board the suspected schooner in silence, and with every appearance of profound secrecy. Then slipping quietly away, and filled with the importance of his

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mission, the self-appointed detective hastened to the quarters of his commanding officer.

A few hours later, or soon after daylight, the swift sponging-schooner *Night-hawk*, having for her sole cargo a few score of old ammunition-boxes filled with sand, was standing up the reef under every stitch of canvas that she could carry, and hotly pursued by the United States cruiser *Flying-fish*. As the latter drew near, her officers could see through their glasses that the schooner's crew were throwing her cargo overboard, and they even picked up in her wake two broken boxes, one of which was marked "rifles" and the other "cartridges," but when they boarded their chase she had an empty hold.

In spite of the protests of her captain that he had done nothing wrong and was only pursuing his lawful business, he was ordered back to Key West to account for his suspicious behavior, as well as for a member of his crew whose name did not appear on the schooner's papers. This person was none other than our ragged young Cuban friend, Tontito, who exhibited an unconcerned gayety even when landed at the government wharf and taken to the commandant's private office for examination.

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Here, to one of his naval friends who could speak Spanish, the boy readily confessed that he had smuggled himself aboard the schooner for the purpose of joining the tug *Fearless*, and being carried by that slippery filibuster to the island of Cuba.

At mention of the name *Fearless* the officers of the *Flying-fish* who were present pricked up their ears, for no other steamer employed by the Cubans to run their expeditions across the water had been so successful in eluding them. Nor, until this moment, had they received an intimation that she was in that neighborhood. To capture her in the very act of filibustering would be to gain for their ship a wide-spread renown and render themselves famous.

"Where is the *Fearless*?" demanded he who could speak Spanish.

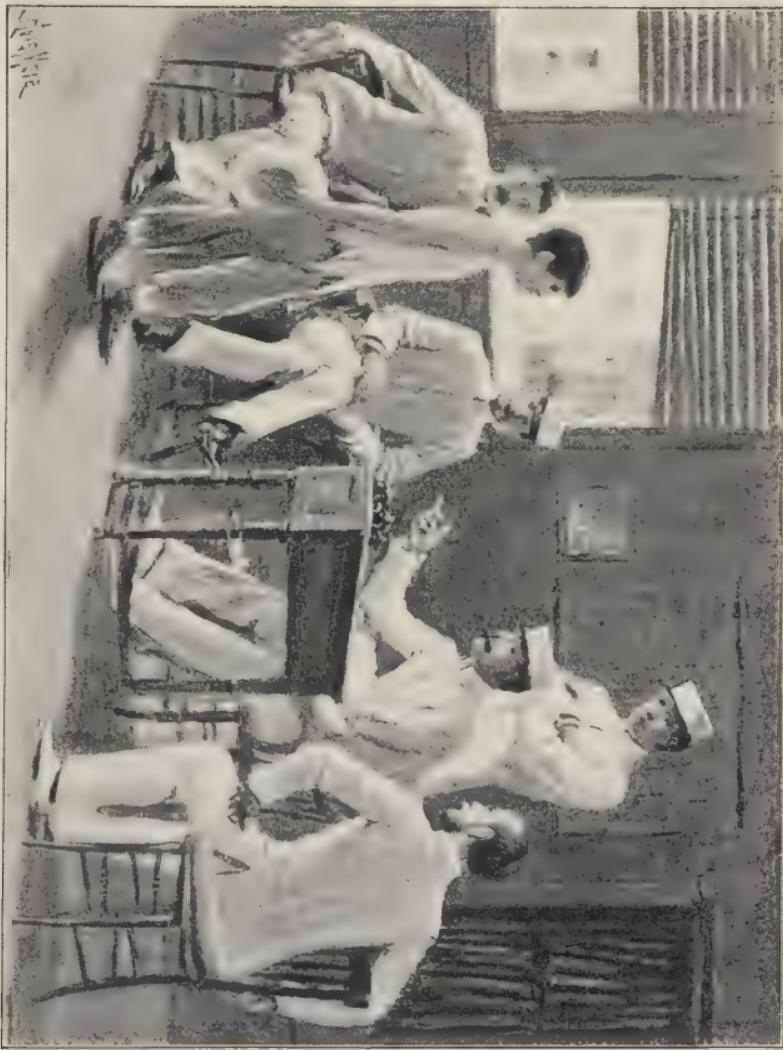
"In the Bahia Honda," was the ready answer.

"How do you know that she is there?"

"Does not every Cuban in Key West know of it, and talk of what she is about to do?"

"What is she about to do?"

"Quien sabe?" replied the young Cuban, with an expressive shrug of his brown shoulders.



"'QUIEN SABE!' REPLIED THE YOUNG CUBAN"

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"Why, then, should you think that she is going to Cuba?"

"Does she not always go to Cuba?" inquired Tontito, innocently.

"This is information of the utmost importance, provided it may be relied upon," said the captain of the *Flying-fish*.

"Coming from the source it does, I certainly regard it as both important and trustworthy," replied the commandant of the naval station. "This half-witted boy can surely have no object in attempting to deceive us, even if his foolishness would permit; and knowing how desperately anxious the Key West Cubans are to start off an expedition, I have no doubt that the *Fearless* is, as he says, in the Bahia Honda, perhaps already partially loaded for the trip."

"In which case it behooves us to be on the lookout for her without further delay," rejoined the captain of the *Flying-fish*.

As a result of this decision the only government vessel then in Key West harbor again left her moorings in a hurry, and was headed to the eastward, followed, so long as she was in sight, by the anxious gaze of half the population of the city.

The Bahia Honda is nearly forty miles from

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Key West, and when the *Flying-fish* reached the sea-buoy off its entrance her lookouts reported a low black steamer hurrying up the reef as though endeavoring to escape a meeting with the government ship. It was almost certain that this was the noted filibuster of whom they were in search, and, as though spurred by her discovery, the cruiser instantly dashed forward at full speed in hot pursuit.

Swift as was the war-ship, the craft in advance also proved herself no laggard, and for hours maintained her lead in the exciting chase. The cruiser fired shot after shot with blank cartridges as commands for the fugitive to lie to and await her coming, but to these not the slightest attention was paid.

"Her very recklessness betrays her guilt," remarked the commander of the cruiser to his executive officer, "and when we catch her we shall surely find her to be a prize well worth our trouble."

"There is no doubt of it, sir, and at our present rate of gain I should say that a couple of hours more would bring us within range."

"Let the rascals have a solid shot as soon as you are so, and see if that won't bring them to terms."

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“Very well, sir.”

Inch by inch and foot by foot the speedy *Flying-fish* caught up on her chase, until at length the range-finders showed her to be within reach, and a cannon-ball was sent hurtling after the little flier. It struck the water a short distance beyond her, and instantly her engines were stopped. Five minutes later her captain was on board the cruiser, indignantly demanding to know why he, a loyal and peaceable American citizen, engaged in his legitimate business of searching the coast for wrecks, should be cannonaded by a United States warship. He vowed that he had not heard the signal-shots fired earlier in the day, was not aware until a short time before that he was being chased, offered his papers for examination, and asked that his vessel be searched for passengers or unlawful cargo.

This last request was of course complied with, and while his steamer proved to be indeed the *Fearless*, nothing contraband or unlawful was found in her. In spite of this the commander of the cruiser placed an officer on board, and ordered the prize to follow her captor back to Key West, which was now more than one hundred miles away.

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The sun had set ere the two vessels turned their prows to the westward, and it was rising again when they steamed slowly into Key West harbor. Hardly had the cruiser gained her mooring when she was boarded by an officer from shore, who brought the startling intelligence that the largest expedition ever sent from the United States to the Cuban patriots had slipped out of that very port during the preceding night. Three hundred well-armed men had gone in two schooners, which had also carried a battery of Gatling guns, several thousand rifles, a great quantity of ammunition, and other supplies.

"They had hardly left the wharf before we were on their track," concluded the officer. "But there was not a single vessel at our disposal with which to overtake them."

"And we were off on a wild-goose chase," commented the commander of the *Flying-fish*, bitterly.

Two days later a despatch was received that threw every Cuban on *Cayo Hueso* into an ecstasy of joy, for it told of the successful landing on their beloved island of the great expedition, with all its welcome supplies.

In spite of the success of this expedition that

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he did not discover, the official messenger of the Key West naval station continued to regard himself as a first-class detective, and had never realized how adroitly he was used by Tontito to turn the attention of its enemies in another direction. So far was he from suspecting that the boxes which he saw carried on board the decoy schooner *Night-hawk* were filled with sand, that he still chuckled to think how he caused her crew to throw overboard thousands of cartridges to prevent them from falling into the hands of the authorities.

As for Tontito ("the little fool"), he was supposed to have accompanied the expedition that owed its splendid success to his ingenuity and the quick wit with which he utilized Caleb's dislike and self-confidence. At any rate, he was not seen in Key West after that time, and though his official friends have even now no proof that he was anything but a half-witted and very sleepy boy who was occasionally sent on errands by the patriot war committee, nearly every Cuban in the city knew otherwise. Most of them, and especially the poorer of the refugees, to whom he gave every cent of his money, knew that he was the only son of a prominent insurgent leader, who, on the break-

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ing out of the war for liberty, had sent him to the United States to be educated. For nearly three years the lad was kept at one of the best military schools in New York where, however, he was not known as "Tontito." From it, after having acquired a knowledge of English, of military tactics, and of many other things that would prove very useful to a young Cuban rebel, he had mysteriously disappeared shortly before the time of this story. There was only one thing that he afterwards undertook that he had not learned to do well—but he was a very poor bootblack.

A SCARED FIGHTER

An Incident of the War with Spain

IT was fearfully hot. The sun's rays drove straight downward through the brazen tropical atmosphere and buried themselves in the long, oily folds of the swells that ran smoothly and silently towards the green and purple border of the low beach. Hardly a breath of air stirred the glassy surface of the sea, and the great dun-colored battle-ship rolled slowly on the shallow waves. Half a dozen cadets clustered in the shadow of the after turret, their white duck uniforms, somewhat soiled by long and hard usage, showing clear against the leaden plates of the armor.

“Salt mackerel!” exclaimed Harvey Merrill, blue-eyed and tawny-haired, with a hollow mockery of down on his upper lip. “If I'd supposed that I was ever going to be Santeeed

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out here on such a still-hunt as this beastly blockade duty, I'm not sure that I would ever have gone into the service."

"Oh, shut up, Harvey!" exclaimed Frank Fresco. "Kicking doesn't help the matter any, and just makes the rest of us more uncomfortable."

"It's the lying around doing nothing that kills me," said Billy Porter. "If they'd only give us something to do, that's what I want."

"But just think how unpleasant that would be for Goody Dobbler!" ejaculated Sam Sumner.

This remark was greeted by a volley of laughter.

"Say, where is Goody?" asked Merrell.

"Below, reading his Bible or the regulations, I'll bet a dollar!" exclaimed Fresco.

"He's too blamed pious for me," said Billy Porter. "If it ever comes to an out-and-out scrap, he'll stop to pray instead of fighting."

"Well," said Danny Craven, who came from a whole family of fighters, and who had so far been silent, "I'm not so sure about that. Some of these particularly good, milk-and-watery youngsters have better staying qualities than we imagine."

A SCARED FIGHTER

"I'll bet a week's pay that Goody Dobbler has no fight in him," said Sam Sumner. "He turned as white as a sheet when the sacred fort opened fire on us the other day at something like two miles' range, and hit nothing except the Gulf of Mexico, which couldn't get out of the way."

"I'll back Goody to fight when the time comes," said Danny Craven.

"Oh, rats!" exclaimed Billy Porter. "He wouldn't fight Simpson at the academy over that cigarette business, you know."

"Because he didn't believe it was right," answered Danny, slowly. "Billy, your friend Goody is troubled with a large and abiding sense of duty. You don't know what that is, my son, or you'd understand Goody better."

"Well, I'll bet that he's half scared to death every time he's under fire," retorted Billy.

"I wouldn't be surprised if he were pretty nearly," answered Danny; "but he'll stand to his gun and keep right on firing just the same. It's very easy to do that when you're not afraid, but it takes a considerable man to do it when he's half scared to death, as you elegantly express it, Billy."

"Oh, Danny, you talk like a grandmother.

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You make me exceedingly weary," said Billy, impatiently.

"Billy, you mark my word, my son," said Danny, in his even tones, apparently not noticing Billy's rudeness, "you'll get yourself into a mess if you don't stop being so impetuous."

"Humph!" was all the answer Billy Porter thought it worth while to make to his messmate.

Joseph Dobbler, known as Goody, was, as a matter of fact, down in the junior officer's mess-room writing a letter to his sister. He had always been a quiet, studious, retiring boy while at the academy, and he was by no means in love with war now that he was face to face with it on the coast of Cuba. But, as Danny Craven had said, he had a large and abiding sense of duty, and he was trying hard to live up to it. While he was writing his letter, the notes of the bugle rang out along the deck, sounding the call for the first and second steam-cutters. Goody looked out of the open port, thinking that perhaps the flag-ship had come into sight and summoned the captain, but she was still below the horizon. As he turned away from the port a messenger entered, and, after saluting, said:

A SCARED FIGHTER

"Mr. Dobbler, the first lieutenant wants you to take the second cutter for distant service, sir."

"Very good," said Goody, reaching for his belt and revolver.

When he reached the deck he found that Billy Porter was standing by to go in the first cutter. The first lieutenant explained the nature of the duty which was to be performed. Porter was to proceed to a point some four miles farther up the coast, and then run in close, pick up a cable, and cut it. Goody was to accompany him, and to lie off within signalling distance to render assistance in case the cable proved to be too heavy for one boat to handle. It was not believed that there were any batteries on the shore near the point to which they were to go, but there would probably be some soldiers in the woods, and a light-draught auxiliary gun-boat, formerly a yacht, was to shell the beach with her three-pounders. She was now lying about two miles away, and had been signalled. The two cadets entered their boats, and Porter, being the senior, shoved off and took the lead.

"Mr. Porter," called the first lieutenant, as the boats moved away, "please be as dis-

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creet as possible, and don't expose your men to fire needlessly."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Billy, somewhat sullenly.

"I don't wish he were less daring, but I do wish he were more thoughtful," muttered the first lieutenant.

"Old fool!" grumbled Porter, mentally. "Does he suppose I can do anything bold with Goody Dobbler on the tow-rope?"

For some time nothing was heard save the "chug-chug" of the machinery in the two cutters as they ploughed through the glassy blue water, sending long ribbons of white and silver spreading outward from their blunt bows. Goody Dobbler sat erect in the stern of his boat. His face was pale in spite of the heavy coat of sunburn which a month in Cuban waters had put upon it. His eyes were wide open, with a strained look in them, and his lips were tightly compressed till they were almost blue. Billy Porter, on the other hand, was flushed of cheek and sparkling of eye. He simply thrived on the excitement of action, and it was a source of unspeakable delight to him to be sent on such a mission as this.

The converted yacht was lying immediately

A SCARED FIGHTER

ahead of the two cutters. She was rolling gently on the low swells, and it seemed as if she were just out for a day's pleasure, so quiet did she look. But there were watchful eyes aboard of her. As the cutters came within hailing distance, a voice rang out through the megaphone:

“Cutter there!”

“Ay, ay, sir,” answered Porter.

“Come close alongside of us.”

In obedience to the order of the lieutenant commanding the little gun-boat, the two cutters passed close to her. As they did so, her propeller began to revolve and she went ahead.

“You'd better keep along just under our quarter,” called the lieutenant, “so that we can keep you covered till we get in as far as we can go.”

“Very well, sir,” answered Porter.

The three craft now slipped slowly and quietly in diagonally towards the shore. Every eye was strained forward in the hope of instantly detecting any sign of the enemy. The tropical woods and jungle were as silent as if they had been in a picture instead of real. Goody Dobbler took off his belt and pulled his

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revolver out of the holster. Then he half smiled at himself.

"I don't think we'll get close enough for that," he muttered.

A few minutes later the yacht put her helm hard a-starboard and stopped her engines. This threw her starboard side towards the shore, and brought three rapid-fire guns to bear. At the same instant the two cutters steamed out from under the stern and moved towards the shore. There was not a sound from the beach, which was about two thousand five hundred yards distant. When the two cutters had gone less than half that distance, Porter said:

"You'd better stop here, Dobbler. If you come in closer, you might get hurt, and then you couldn't give me any assistance."

There was a sneer in the cadet's tone as he spoke, but Goody answered, quietly:

"Very well."

He stopped his cutter, and she lay idly on the water, as the other steamed in at half-speed towards the shore. Presently she reached the spot at which it was believed she would find the cable, which ran into a small bay. Here Porter stopped his boat and set to work with his grappling-tackle. His men worked with a

A SCARED FIGHTER

will, while the perspiration rolled off their faces and necks, but they brought up nothing but sea-weed and refuse from the bottom.

"It must be farther to the westward and nearer the opening of the bay," said Porter, as he gave the order to move his boat in that direction. Selecting a new location, he grappled again for half an hour without result.

"Hang it!" he exclaimed. "We might as well be trying to pick up the Atlantic cable in mid-ocean. There's too much water under us. We've got to run in closer."

The cutter moved in close to the beach, where the surf could be seen breaking in long, white lines of smoke. Its dull roar was the only sound that could be heard.

"There isn't a dago within a dozen miles of us," laughed Porter.

"It doesn't seem as if there was, sir," said the coxswain of the cutter; "but they're such snaky cusses that you never know just when you'll find them in the—"

The coxswain never finished his speech, but just dropped the wheel, threw up both hands, and went over the side of the boat into the water, stone-dead. A faint pop from the dense jungle on the shore told whence he had got his

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death-blow. At the same instant the shrill shriek of a shell was heard, followed instantly by the sharp crack of one of the yacht's three-pounders. That shot seemed to have struck a hornet's nest in the woods, for at the moment when it plunged into the jungle, Spaniards concealed there opened fire from several field-guns. They had not found the range yet, and their shells either fell short or flew over the cutter. But they howled around it in a perilous manner.

"By the great hook-block!" exclaimed Billy Porter, "this thing is getting lively. We must find that cable pretty quickly or the dagoes 'll find us."

"Hurrah!" yelled one of the men at the grappling-tackle. "There's either a cable or a whale on the line, sir."

"Heave in on it lively, boys!" cried Porter.

The air was now hissing with the incessant flight of bullets from Mauser rifles, the heavier whiz of the projectiles from the field-guns, and the scream of the yacht's three-pounder shells. The men hove up their tackle, and as they found the much-desired cable on it, they set up a wild shout of triumph. If the fire had

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been hot before, it became hotter now. A storm of bullets swept over the cutter. Billy Porter and two of his men fell at full length. At that instant those in the cutter felt a slight shock, as the second cutter came alongside. Goody Dobbler sprang lightly from his own cutter into Porter's and then said, rapidly:

"Haul off with the second cutter out of range. Leave two men from her in this boat. Lively, now. Keep down, Billy. I'll get you out of this all right."

"Rats, Goody!" said Porter, trying to rise. "The cable—it isn't—"

"I know it isn't, but it's going to be."

Seizing the heavy axe, with a few powerful blows Goody drove a cold-chisel through the cable, and let one end of it go overboard.

"Here, make this other end fast there, some of you," he panted, his face as white as a sheet, and his eyes terribly strained.

"All fast, sir," came the quick response.

"Now, coxswain, ahead full speed! Let's get out of this."

The cutter's head was turned, and she towed the end of the cable a few hundred yards away from its original position. But the fire from the shore continued too hot.

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"Let it go!" said Goody, in a husky voice.
"It 'll do now."

"All gone, sir," answered the seaman who had just cut the lashing.

"Now get alongside the yacht," Goody gasped. "How are you, Billy?"

"Oh, I'll do, I guess. It's not a bad one. Get down here yourself, Goody; you look half scared to death."

But Goody just gripped the bulwarks of the cutter with his hands and shut his teeth till they ground audibly. The cutter was chug-chugging away for dear life towards the yacht, which had come in closer, and was sending a tornado of shells into the woods. The second cutter was near her.

"Take lines there in the cutters!" shouted the lieutenant in command of the yacht, "and I'll tow you out of range."

The lines were hove and caught by both boats.

"Where are the officers in charge of those boats?" yelled the lieutenant, as the yacht started racing away.

"One's wounded, sir," answered the cockswain of the first cutter. "The other's here, sir."

A SCARED FIGHTER

Goody was still sitting up stiff and strained in his boat. When the firing from the shore ceased, because the range was too great, the lieutenant stopped the yacht and ordered the two cutters alongside. Porter was lifted aboard, but when Goody was ordered to follow, he did not move.

"What's the matter there?" asked the lieutenant.

"He's badly hit, sir," said the coxswain of Goody's cutter.

"How do you know?"

"He was hit when we were running in, sir. I see him stagger. Then he shuts his teeth that way, sir, an' he says to himself, 'It's my duty.' An' in he went, sir, an' jumped into Mr. Porter's boat and cut the cable."

It was only a few days before Billy Porter was around again, but it was weeks before Goody returned to duty. Meanwhile the story of his bravery had been told many times, and he found waiting for him an ensign's commission.

"Say, Goody," said Billy Porter, "I want you to answer me a fair question. Weren't you half scared to death when you came in after me?"

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"I think it was more than half, Billy," answered Goody.

"Well, a man that'll go into a fire like that when he's half scared to death, just because he believes it's his duty to do it, has a heap more sand than I have."

And that speech made Danny Craven think more of Billy Porter than of anything else he did in the Gulf.

THE BRAINS OF A WAR-SHIP

How a Cruiser is Managed

I

" M R. EVANS! Mr. Evans! It's ten minutes before eight bells, sir."

"All right."

"It's raining pretty hard, sir."

Mr. Evans rolls out of his bunk, hastily sluices his face with cold water, and jumps into his uniform. Remembering the man's words about the rain, he pulls on his rubber boots, wraps himself in a long oil-skin coat, and puts on his sou'wester. His hasty toilet completed, the officer emerges from the wardroom, hastily returns the salute of the orderly, and scrambles up to the spar-deck. A dash of cold rain strikes him in the face, and he pulls the collar of his oil-skin coat higher around his neck. Water three or four inches deep is swirling and hiss-

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ing about the deck as the United States cruiser *Albany* sullenly lurches forward into the fathomless gloom ahead. Stumbling and slipping, the officer makes his way to the ladder leading to the bridge. He seizes the man-ropes with both hands and swings himself upwards to the elevated platform, where another man, attired like himself, is sending a strained and anxious gaze out over the bows.

"Anything special, Wilson?" says Mr. Evans.

"I've sent a man aft to secure the gripe on the dingy, which was reported loose. Carter reports from the engine-room that there are slight indications of heating in one of the bearings. His relief will notify you if it's necessary to slow down. We're running at only ten knots now. That's all."

"Eight bells, sir," speaks a voice out of the darkness.

"Make it so."

The bell rings out its four pairs of strokes. Instantly a voice away forward says: "A-ll-ll well. Starboard light burning brightly." Another voice reports concerning the port light, and hails from the waist and after-guard are heard. A bustle on the forecastle deck tells the

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officer on the bridge that his junior is mustering the watch. Two or three minutes later a petty officer comes to report the muster complete, and the men at their stations. For the next half-hour not a sound is heard except the throbbing of the machinery, the dull thunder of the seas smiting the ship's bow, and the hissing of the water that occasionally breaks over her rail and tumbles about the decks. There is a heavy sea running, and every spar and stay is dripping with rain. The darkness ahead is impenetrable. Ever and anon the lights of the ship throw dim rays upon the glancing crest of some threatening sea. A voice from the darkness below him has told Mr. Evans that the boat gripe is secured. On the stroke of eight bells Mr. Wilson had swung himself down the ladder, and disappeared in the gloom. Mr. Evans's mind is now concentrated on the thought of possible danger ready to spring out of that wall of blackness ahead of the ship. A blast of wind, colder than that which has been blowing, brings a sudden thought of ice to his mind—ice which comes upon the sailor most unexpectedly of all dangers at sea, and brings with it immediate destruction.

“Boatswain’s mate!”

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“Aye, aye, sir.”

“Take the temperature of the water.”

“Aye, aye, sir.”

Five minutes later the temperature of the water is reported as normal, and Mr. Evans breathes a sigh of relief.

“Ha!” he exclaims to himself, half aloud. “The wind has shifted a good three points.” Then he calls out, “Bruce, give me the wind and the barometer for the last watch.”

Bruce is the officer of the forecastle, and as junior officer of the watch it is his duty to make the entries in the log regarding wind, barometer, and other weather conditions. The report indicates that the heavy weather is about to pass away. It is early in September, and short but furious gales blow frequently in the “roaring forties.” The clouds break, and here and there a star shows itself. The vessel ceases to ship water, but continues to roll and pitch heavily. A whistle calls Mr. Evans to the engine-room tube, where he hears the pleasant words, “The bearing is all right, sir.” So he dismisses that subject from his mind. The clouds drift farther apart, and the moon struggles through, bringing the horizon-line into sharp relief against the sky.”

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"Messenger," calls Mr. Evans, "go below and get my sextant."

The instrument is brought, and the officer takes advantage of the well-marked horizon to assure himself of the correct latitude of the ship by an altitude of a star. Ten minutes later the strong, white cruiser plunges into a solid bank of fog, and the anxiety of the officer on the bridge becomes intense. Lookouts are doubled, and the steam siren hurls a hoarse blast of warning into the murky atmosphere every minute. Hardly half a dozen of these blasts have been blown when the captain of the ship mounts the bridge.

"Good-morning, Evans," he says. "Thicker than cheese, isn't it?"

The words have just passed his lips when there is a shout forward.

"Vessel on the port bow!"

Through the thick curtain of the fog they see a reeling, shapeless shadow. Is it instinct or the quick eye of a trained sailor that recognizes a vessel heading so as to strike the cruiser on the port side? The captain does not speak to Evans, nor Evans to the captain; but the former springs to the engine-room telegraph and signals, "Ahead, full speed, port engine;

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astern, full speed, starboard engine!" at the same time calling to the man at the wheel: "Hard a-port! Hard over!" Mr. Evans has seized the whistle-cord from the hands of the man who was stationed to sound it during the fog, and has pulled out a long, shrieking yell, which tells that the vessel has put her helm a-port. Back through the fog comes another weird scream, and the next moment an 8000-ton ocean greyhound tears past, not seventy-five yards away from the cruiser's port quarter.

"Hang those fellows!" says the captain, as he heaves a sigh of relief and signals the engineer to slow down again. "They ought to be compelled to run at half speed in the fog."

The dull gray light of morning appears. The captain descends from the bridge and walks away aft. The ship seems to be cutting her way through a heavy gray veil. Suddenly the lookout forward shouts:

"Wreck dead ahead, and close aboard of us!"

"Hard a-starboard!" says Mr. Evans.

The vessel swerves out of her course and passes a half-submerged wreck bottom up—one of the deadliest dangers of the sea. A moment later the thought flashes through Mr.

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Evans's mind that the cruiser is, as the sailors say, "running in with the land." He calls the quartermaster and orders him to get ready the deep-sea sounding-machine. A few minutes later the report is brought to him that bottom has been found at ninety-seven fathoms. He accurately notes the time at which the sounding is taken. Ten minutes later he has another sounding made in seventy-five fathoms, and ten minutes later still another in fifty-eight. All the time he keeps careful record of the course and distance made by the ship. By comparing the results of his observations with the chart he is enabled to tell pretty closely the position of the vessel, and his next words are:

"Messenger, report to the captain that I make the ship about twenty-eight miles west-sou'west of Cape Clear."

This message brings the captain back to the bridge. In a few minutes the fog lifts, and immediately a voice cries, "Land ho!" It is now five minutes of four, and Mr. Evans' relief mounts the bridge. Again eight bells are made, and Mr. Evans, relieved in more senses than one, goes below to sleep a well-earned sleep till the bugle sounds the mess call.

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II

It is five minutes before eight o'clock on a calm September evening. The cruiser is riding to twenty-five fathoms of cable in the peaceful waters of an Irish harbor. The first watch is about to begin, and again Mr. Evans comes on deck as the relief. This time he does not go upon the bridge, but walks quietly up and down the quarter-deck. The riding-lights had been set before he came up, and there is little for him to do except to dream of home and friends.

On the gun-deck the smoking lamp is lit. The yellow glare of an electric light fills the crannies around the polished guns with glinting rays that deepen the silent shadows. Grave, weather-beaten faces are screwed into a hundred strange curves around the glowing points that tell where the sailors' comfort breathes its pungent incense from the bowls of the pipes. Strange rumbling voices pour quaint words and quainter thoughts along the snowy deck. Solemn, preternaturally grave, Jack is killing time.

Overhead, on the spar-deck, Mr. Evans walks slowly up and down. Ever and anon he raises his head and throws a sweeping glance over the

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waters surrounding the ship. It is more from habit than from necessity. The silence of night on the water is broken only by the familiar sounds of a harbor. Yonder the hoarse rattle of a cable comes down the wind, telling that another craft has found her anchorage. Anon the faint rhythmic click of distant oars is heard, and a stave or two of "Way Rio" breaks musically on the air. Presently the sharp hail of a guard rings out:

"Boat ahoy!"

"Albany!" comes the immediate response.

The name of the ship in answer to a hail signifies that the captain is in the approaching boat. Mr. Evans receives him in the usual polite manner. A blaze of light flashes upon the quarter-deck, gilding the brass-work and sparkling along the shiny noses of the six-pounders, as the captain opens the door of his cabin and goes in.

"It's ten minutes of nine, sir," says the messenger, saluting.

"Call the bugler," says Mr. Evans. "Boat-swain's mate!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Pipe down."

The shrill voice of the boatswain's whistle

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orders the men to turn in and keep silence. At nine o'clock the bugler blows tattoo, and taut hammock clews are soon vibrating to honest snores. The anchor watch is set, and the period of rest settles down over the cruiser. Still the officer of the deck walks up and down. The night air grows chill. He shrugs his shoulders and increases his pace. The wind hums a lullaby in the rigging. The water, flowing outward with the tide, bubbles childishly around the vessel's forefoot. The very ship herself seems to sleep and dream.

III

At sea again. Never mind the year, or the day, or the latitude and longitude. Perhaps we are looking into a future that may never come. Aloft the cruiser looks bare, for her topmasts are housed. Alow she is dingy, for the once white hull is painted a gray, leaden color. Mr. Evans walks the bridge in the forenoon watch with set lips and anxious eyes.

“Steamer on the port bow!”

A dead silence, broken only by the churning of the pistons, falls upon the ship while Mr.

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Evans questions the lookout. The stranger is suspicious. In half an hour suspicion grows to certainty. It is a cruiser flying a strange flag. The executive officer takes the bridge with speaking-trumpet in hand. The captain stands beside him. Mr. Evans goes aft and takes command of his division, the first, consisting of the two after eight-inch guns and the two six-pounders that frown over the taffrail. The captain nods at a midshipman, who delivers an order in a low tone. The next instant the sharp rat-a-tat of a drum breaks upon the air. For several minutes all appears to be confusion, as men come bounding up from the hatchways to the deck and take their places at the guns. Others rig shell-whips and stand by to hoist heavy ammunition from the hold. Others go aloft to the machine and rapid-fire guns in the tops. The marine guard, with glittering rifles, musters on the quarter-deck.

“Silence! Cast loose and provide!” commands the executive officer, in short, sharp tones.

Sight covers are thrown off, tompions and muzzle-bags removed, sponges and rammers laid on deck, buckets and tubs of water put near the big guns. Rifles, cutlasses, and re-

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volvers are brought, and belts and bayonets are strapped on.

"First Division, sir," says Mr. Evans, touching his cap, to let the executive officer know that the guns under his command are ready. The other divisions follow, and the orders are given to sponge and load. Meanwhile the lookout has reported the flag of the rapidly approaching cruiser, and she has been identified. She is prepared for action.

"Keep the port guns trained on her, and wait orders," says the captain.

"Three thousand! Twenty-eight hundred," calls the man at the range-indicator.

"Ready with the port forward eight."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Try him at two thousand five hundred."

"Raise, lower, raise; well, elevator," comes the low tone of the gun captain. "Right h-a-a-ndsomely."

Boom!

The thunderous shock of the mighty eight-inch, loaded with a full charge and an armor-piercing shell, makes the deck jump. The deep-toned report is answered by another, and a great white cloud bursts from the port bow of the advancing enemy.



"THE THUNDEROUS SHOCK OF THE MIGHTY EIGHT-INCH MAKES THE DECK JUMP!"

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"Hard a-starboard!" exclaims the captain. At the same time he turns to the executive officer, and says: "To stay here is mere folly, sir. We shall be easy food for their riflemen."

He leaves the bridge and goes to the conning-tower, where the boatswain is already at the wheel, and where both commander and petty officer are, ten minutes later, sent to eternity by an eight-inch projectile, which smashes the thin steel walls of the tower as if they were glass. The executive officer springs to the bridge, and fights his ship from that historic point of command. Crash upon crash smites the air. Shouts of officers follow faster and faster.

"First riflemen on the starboard quarter! Firemen in the port gangway! Magazine fire there, riflemen, and sweep her decks! Ready with the bow torpedo!"

The executive officer and the navigator, exposed to a storm of fire, direct the movements of the ship from the bridge.

"Now's our time! Let us ram! And give her the forward eight-inches at the same time!"

A horrible crash follows. The din becomes

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appalling, when suddenly a cheer rings out from the quarter-deck, and Mr. Evans's voice cries:

“ She has struck, sir !”

The fight is over.

III

TALES OF STRANGE EVENTS

THE FIRST AMERICAN BOYS IN JAPAN

The Opening of an Ancient Empire

THE first American boys who ever visited Japan were set ashore with great ceremony near the city of Yedo, or Tokyo, on Thursday, the 14th of July, 1853. They wore the uniform of the United States Navy, and every gilt button and buckle was polished till it shone like gold. They carried between them a large, square envelope of scarlet cloth, containing two beautiful round boxes made of gold, each box inclosed in a larger box of rosewood, with lock, hinges, and mountings all made of pure gold. Each of the gold boxes contained a letter to the Emperor of Japan, beautifully written on vellum, and not folded, but bound in blue silk velvet. To each letter the great seal of the United States was attached with cords of

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interwoven gold and silk, with pendent gold tassels. The names of these boys are not known to the writer.

It would be hard to tell when the first American boy visited Europe, or Africa, or almost any other country; but the record of the first American boys' visit to Japan is kept by the State Department in Washington. It may be found in a curious old volume, full of odd pictures, published by order of Congress in 1856, and entitled, "Narrative of the Expedition of an American Squadron to the China Seas and Japan, under the Command of Commodore M. C. Perry, United States Navy." Japan at that time refused to have anything to do with the other nations of the world. It had a history and a civilization of its own, and was content to remain as it had been for hundreds of years. The Chinese and the Dutch were both allowed to do a little trading at several Japanese ports, but under very humiliating restrictions. They were looked upon as outside barbarians by the Japanese, and had to put up with great indignities.

Millard Fillmore, who was then our President, thought that it would be well for this country to be on friendly terms with Japan.

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But we could not go into the empire on our knees, as the Dutch had done. That is not the American way of doing things. We must go in by the front door, if we went at all, with high dignitaries of the nation to show us into the parlor with proper respect. It required a man of great firmness and sound sense to negotiate with the Japanese government, to arrange for our dealing with them on a footing of exact equality and justice. For this delicate and important service President Fillmore selected Commodore Matthew C. Perry, and sent him to Japan with a fleet of four steam warships. Some of our sailors who had been wrecked on the coast of Japan had been killed or cruelly treated; and Commodore Perry's mission was not only to open Japanese ports to American commerce, but also to arrange that any American citizens who went to Japan should be treated in a civilized and humane way.

The letters that the two boys carried ashore in the golden boxes were from the President of the United States to the Emperor of Japan. One of them certified that Commodore Perry was authorized to treat with the Japanese government. The other was a kindly letter from

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President Fillmore explaining the object of the expedition. It is too long to print here entire. "Great and Good Friend," the letter began, "I send you this public letter by Commodore Matthew C. Perry, an officer of highest rank in the Navy of the United States, and commander of the squadron now visiting your imperial Majesty's domains. I have directed Commodore Perry to assure your imperial Majesty that I entertain the kindest feelings towards your Majesty's person and government, and that I have no other object in sending him to Japan but to propose to your imperial Majesty that the United States and Japan should live in friendship, and have commercial intercourse with each other." The letter concludes, "May the Almighty have your imperial Majesty in His great and holy keeping. Your good friend, Millard Fillmore."

The reception of Commodore Perry by two of the imperial Princes, and his landing near Yedo, on the 14th of July, accompanied by the two boys and about three hundred officers and sailors, were brought about only after months of negotiation. Many a quiet laugh the Commodore must have enjoyed when he thought of the intense dignity he was forced to assume.

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If he had not appeared before the Japanese as a person of great importance and power, they would have had little respect for him or his government. He took pains to tell them that he represented the great and powerful nation of the West, that his four ships were only a small and insignificant part of the American navy, and that more ships were coming. When he first anchored in Yedo harbor no native boats were allowed to approach the flag-ship, the *Susquehanna*. When the Governor of the province went out in great pomp to pay his respects he was received by one of the captains; the Commodore himself could not be seen; the Commodore's business was with a direct representative of the Emperor, and he could not lower his dignity by giving an audience to a mere Governor.

He sent copies of his letters to the Emperor by one of the high officers of the empire, but the originals he would deliver only to some member of the royal family. The Emperor offered to send two Princes to receive the letters at Nagasaki, but this would not do; the Commodore would not go to the Princes, the Princes must come to him, and receive the letters where his ships lay. By skilful and digni-

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fied management he carried all his points; not only did the Princes come to him, but he negotiated the treaty under which Japan and the United States remain firm friends to this day.

So great a man did Commodore Perry become in the eyes of the Japanese that they did everything in their power to please him. A building was erected a mile from the shore for the Princes to receive him in. The Governor of the province apologized to the captains because he could not supply an arm-chair for the Commodore to sit in as he used in his ship; but there were none in the country. He was told that whatever sort of chair the Princes used would be satisfactory to the Commodore. Then the ships were moved up close to the shore. When the Governor protested against this, he was told that it was because a man of the Commodore's importance could not properly travel a long distance in a small boat; but the real reason for it was that as ten thousand Japanese troops would be present, and only three hundred men could be spared from the ships, it was feared that the whole American party might be massacred. We know now that the Japanese would not be guilty of such treachery, but we did not know them as well then. Before

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the Commodore landed all the decks were cleared for action, howitzers were mounted in small boats, and every preparation was made to protect the landing party if they should be attacked.

The three hundred sailors and officers landed first, and forming in two lines, made an open lane for the Commodore to pass through. Then came the two boys, selected for their fine appearance and manly bearing, and guarded by two immense colored men armed to the teeth. The audience with the Princes occupied only about twenty minutes, and few words were spoken, though many dignified bows were made. At a signal from the Commodore the two boys stepped forward and delivered their gold boxes to the officer appointed by the Princes to receive them, who had a handsome scarlet box ready for the reception of the important documents.

This was one of the first steps in the negotiation of a treaty which opened relations between this country and Japan—the wonderful country which a little over half a century afterwards defeated Russia and vindicated her title to a place among the great nations.

THE TALE OF AN EARTHQUAKE

And the Strange Journey of the "Wateree"

NE afternoon during the trip from Zanzibar to the Comero Islands our friend Tom Fairweather and Lieutenant Jollytarre were sitting on the poop-deck of the *Neptune*, when the conversation turned upon earthquakes.

"Where do earthquakes mostly occur, Mr. Jollytarre?" asked Tom.

"Well, there are several spots in the world where the people are generally on the lookout for a shaking up. All volcanic countries are subject to earthquakes, and there are many places far distant from any active volcanoes that are visited in this way at times. There have been many disastrous shocks in Europe—for instance, in Switzerland, Portugal, and Italy; in Japan, the west coast of North and South America, and in the countries bordering

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on the Caribbean Sea. We have had them in our own country, not only in California, but in the Mississippi Valley and in New England. They occur in Iceland and in India, and, in fact, I suspect there are few countries wholly free from them.

"I think," he continued, after a pause, "I have never told you of an experience I once had in an earthquake. You have heard your father speak of vessels called double-enders, on account of their having a rudder at both ends. One of them, named the *Wateree*, was wrecked at Arica, Peru, in 1868, and her bones are still lying there on the beach. In August of that year there was a terrible earthquake, accompanied by a tidal wave, on that coast, which laid the town of Arica in ruins, and wrecked every ship in port. It happened that I was on board the *Wateree*. I never told you about that, did I?"

"Why, no," said Tom, drawing his chair nearer, "you certainly never did."

"Well," replied Jollytarre, "if you want to hear it I'll light another cigar, and tell you something about the most fearful night I ever knew.

"We had been lying in the roadstead of

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Arica for several months. Besides our ships there were the United States store-ship *Fredonia*, the Peruvian corvette *America*, an English bark, and two brigs. We had often felt slight shocks of earthquake when on shore, and had remarked upon the apparent timidity of the natives, who always rushed frightened and panic-stricken to the open plazas, lest the buildings should come tumbling about their ears.

"Late in the afternoon of August 13, while we were at dinner on board, we felt the ship tremble under us, and immediately afterwards word was sent from the deck that a heavy shock of earthquake had occurred. We all went up on deck, and there we could see the open spaces filled with excited inhabitants, and the hills to the southward dotted with frightened men and women. A little range of hills ran back of the town, and ended abruptly in a cliff several hundred feet high just at the water's edge.

"We were still talking, when a second and much more severe shock shook the ship from stem to stern. We could see several houses toppling, and then with a horrible thud the face of this cliff fell in one huge mass. As the dust-cloud slowly drifted by, and showed us Arica once more, the sight was something none

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of us can ever forget. There was but one house left standing. We looked at each other, and for a moment were speechless; then realizing that there must be urgent need of assistance where so many were undoubtedly injured, a boat was called away, and our surgeon despatched to render what aid he might.

“Up to this time there appeared to be no disturbance of the sea; but as we well knew that earthquakes of such tremendous power were generally accompanied by tidal waves, we made such preparations as we could to withstand a possible rush of the sea. We could not steam away, for our boilers were undergoing extensive repairs, but we dropped another anchor, veered to a long scope on both cables, and were ready to batten down hatches at a moment’s warning. The other vessels appeared to be doing the same thing, as though those on board felt as we did — that there might be trouble in store for us that night.

“Shortly the ships began to swing as to a changing tide, and the small boats close in-shore being left high and dry, showed us that the water was receding. In a few minutes the vessels again swung, the water came back, floated the little boats as it reached them, and

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flowed well up into the town. From the beach there ran into the water a long pier, to which many people had flocked to escape from the falling buildings; when they saw the water rising so rapidly they turned and fled back to the hills, crying, in an agonized way, ‘The sea, the sea!’

“At the beginning of this water disturbance the surface was for some time quite unruffled. You would have thought that there was a huge You would have thought that there was a huge pipe underneath that successively fed and water flowed in and out, its strength increased. It reached farther into the town, filling the streets, and then flowing back, left a long stretch of beach completely uncovered. At last it receded so far as to leave no water under one of the brigs I told you was anchored there, and the little vessel quietly fell over on her beam ends, while her crew scampered to the shore before the returning sea could overtake them.

“It was now growing dark, and we were called upon to give our whole attention to the ship. We paid out all the cable we had, battened down the hatches with tarpaulins, made our battery and everything about our decks as secure as possible, and then awaited anxiously

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the development of the tidal wave. Constant shocks of earthquake were now felt coming rapidly, one after another, but our eyes were fixed on the sea.

"The English bark was anchored near us. We were both swinging wildly about to the changing currents, which ran at the rate of at least ten miles an hour. Suddenly we saw a stream of fire shoot from the Englishman's hawse-hole. The cable fastenings had given way, and so great was the friction that the flying sparks made a brilliant and terrible display. Almost immediately one of our own chains was carried away; it tore along over the deck and into the sea, resembling in its movements a very serpent of fire. Our other chain held, but so strong had the rush of water become that we dragged the one anchor left and its hundred fathoms of cable as though it was never intended to hold us in any one spot.

"Both vessels were adrift, at the mercy of the currents and counter-currents that were displaying such gigantic power. At one time we flew past each other so closely that one could have tossed a biscuit from one deck to the other. If we had collided we must have sunk then and there. We were driven seaward, only to be

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torn back towards the shore. In and out, hither and thither, we were carried, until finally we struck broadside on with a terrible thump. The sea swept over us, and inland far beyond, then out again, leaving us stranded but upright, for the *Wateree* was a flat-bottomed boat, and stood up like a house.

"You can imagine our uncertainty and anxiety. No one had been washed overboard, but we felt that the worst had not yet come. We knew that the wave would return. It came onward. Spellbound by the awful sight, we watched the outline of its advancing crest come through the darkness of the night, and dared not hope for escape. It struck us, whirled us around, tossed us about, deluged us with water, and leaped madly on. As it took its way back to the sea we were carried with it, the sport of its fury. Where we went, and how far, it is impossible to say. We were passive, because we were helpless. Back it came, and once more we were thrown upon the shore, this time with our bows pointing fairly to the sea.

"With the force of a thousand giants it struck us, dashed by, and then rolled sullenly back; but we—we remained, and we wondered if the worst was now over. Again and again

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the wave rushed in and out, but still we clung to the sand under us.

“Before we struck, while we were cruising about at the mercy of the currents, masses of earth like little floating islands were carried past us, and drowning people clinging to pieces of wreck cried loudly for help, which we were unable to give them. We tried, indeed, to reach them with boats, but no crew could make headway against such currents. We were compelled to leave the poor fellows to their fate.

“All through that night we remained on board. The hours dragged slowly by as we waited for daylight. When at last we could distinguish objects in the dawning day, we saw the *America* not far from us, with her masts gone, and presenting a generally wrecked appearance. The English bark, however, or what was left of her, gave the most striking proof of the mighty force of that great tidal wave. She was a strongly built, copper-fastened vessel, but she lay on her beam ends without a mast, with her very decks torn out, and her great water-tanks from the hold lying a hundred yards away.

“Of the other brig not a vestige was to be seen, and of the *Fredonia* nothing but a piece

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of her wheel, with two men clinging to it. How they ever found strength to survive that terrible night is a question neither we nor they could ever answer. Of all the men cast into the sea they were the only ones saved.

"We looked up the beach towards Arica; there was nothing but one vast, confused ruin. A large custom-house, filled with goods, had yielded up its stores to the sport of the waves. The beach was strewn with boxes, barrels, bales, and crates. Machinery, clothing, provisions, liquors, cigars—everything that the stores of civilization supply were to be found there; as some one put it, everything from a piano to a tooth-pick.

"The dead were half covered by the sand washed over them. The living were distractedly seeking their separated families. All was misery and despair. Their houses were swept away; the very traces of the streets were washed away. There was nothing to eat save what the wreckage on the shore afforded, but that included food and wines, and liquors, too, in abundance. For several days the lowest natives would touch nothing but champagne. After that was exhausted they turned to the more fiery liquids, and the result was riot and

THE TALE OF AN EARTHQUAKE

lawlessness—a state of affairs ended only by the arrival of troops from the town of Tacna, forty miles in the interior.

“The people of Arica, who the day before were unconscious of danger, and had every comfort, were now houseless and helpless. Their possessions had been taken from them; they mourned the loss of many friends and relatives.

“Among the endless variety of things found on the beach were huge maps of Bolivia, which, fastened to uprights, were made to serve as walls of paper houses. To be sure, there was no roof, but some protection was given, and anything that gave the least shelter was acceptable then, even if it did nod and tremble with every shock of earthquake. For some time we had fifty or sixty shocks a day; we grew accustomed to them as we waited anxiously for the arrival of a man-of-war to take us away. The earth felt very thin about there, Tom. There were great cracks and fissures in the ground, and occasionally an embankment would be shaken down to add to the variety of our experience. We had to bring water from a brook a mile away. We captured horses and mules to carry it, and when we were not using

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them, tied them to our swinging booms and rudder.

"I can't tell you now all the incidents that occurred during the two weeks we remained there. One morning we awoke to find three of our squadron anchored off the port. You may know it was a welcome sight. We were distributed among these vessels, glad to leave the scene of such an awful disaster. It was a wonderful experience to have had, but hardly one to be repeated."

THE WRECK OF THE WAR-SHIPS AT SAMOA

A Story of Heroism and Tragedy

HIS is the story of the great hurricane at Samoa, which sent American and German war-ships to destruction in March, 1889. With steam up and anchors out, with the full power of their great engines turned against the storm, they were only playthings in its grasp. The tempest overwhelmed them at its leisure, and tossed them like cockle-shells at last upon the rocks and sands. Six war-ships and ten trading-vessels were wrecked, and 142 men of the American and German navies were drowned.

The Samoan Islands, which were swept by this great storm, lie in the South Pacific Ocean, half-way round the world from us. Germany and the United States fell into a dispute concerning their respective rights in the islands,

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and each country sent three men-of-war thither as a precaution and an evidence of power. These war-ships lay in the harbor of Apia, a little city on the north side of Upalu, one of the islands of the Samoan group, a place naturally very beautiful.

On Friday, March 15, 1889, seven steam war-ships and ten sailing-vessels lay at anchor off Apia, crowding the little harbor. The war-ships were the American *Trenton*, *Vandalia*, and *Nipsic*; the German *Eber*, *Adler*, and *Olga*; and the British *Calliope*. There had been signs of a coming storm for several days. The weather was cloudy, and the barometer fell steadily. In the afternoon of the 15th the wind rose. By eleven o'clock that night it had grown to be a gale. All the war-ships had their engines working, and were pushing into the wind to ease the strain upon their anchors. At three o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 16th, a hurricane was roaring about the Samoan Islands. It blew down trees, and carried off the roofs of houses. It caught up the sand and showered it down again like hail. The night was pitch-black. The rain swept down in sheets. There was an incoming tide, and the sea ran up on the shore a hundred feet

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beyond its usual mark, washing the streets and throwing its spray against the houses.

Daybreak came shortly after five o'clock, and the war-ships were revealed. What the observers on shore had feared was true. The ships had changed their positions. The hurricane was sweeping in from the northeast, and slowly forcing them in the direction of the reef within the bay. They were yielding inch by inch, in spite of anchors and steam. Black streamers of smoke, blowing from their funnels, showed how powerfully the engines were at work pushing them into the wind. Their decks were swarming with men, who were holding on for their lives. The vessels were so tossed about that it seemed as though they must break and founder. Every now and then they would shoot out of the water, so that their rudders and rapidly revolving propellers were in plain sight.

Close together, and only a few yards off the reef, rode the *Eber*, the *Adler*, and the *Nipsic*. They were all far along on the road to destruction. The little *Eber* was the first to make the plunge. She went unwillingly, fighting to the last. A great burst of smoke from her funnel was followed by a tremor and a leap forward, but in a moment she swerved and struck the

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Nipsic on the port quarter, carrying off a portion of the American's rail and one of her boats, then fell back and struck the *Olga*. The two collisions were fatal. Her headway was checked, and she swung round and went upon the reef broadside to. A wave lifted her and dropped her upon the coral spears, and she slipped out of sight. Little was left of her after the storm was over. Six officers and seventy-one men were on board the *Eber* when she struck, and of these all but one officer and four men perished with the ship.

The *Adler* followed the *Eber*. She went upon the reef broadside to, as her consort had done, but struck well up, and turned over on her side, with her deck toward the shore. She carried 130 officers and men. Twenty of the men were lost as the ship capsized; the rest found a safe shelter under the lee of the wreck.

Then came the smallest of the American ships, the *Nipsic*. Under a full head of steam she tried to run away from the reef. One of the trading-vessels in the harbor, the schooner *Lilly*, got in her track, and the *Nipsic* cut her down, sending her to the bottom instantly. After sinking the *Lilly* the *Nipsic* worked herself well off the reef, and was about throwing

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overboard one of her heavy guns, with a hawser attached, to assist her anchors, when the *Olga* and she came in collision. The German struck the American amidships, carrying away a boat of the American, and also her smokestack. The loss of the smokestack decided the fate of the *Nipsic*. She was unable to keep up steam, and Captain Mullan, her commander, determined to beach her. This he accomplished successfully, running her upon the sand just opposite the American Consulate. When she was fast her bow was only fifteen yards from the water's edge. Several lives were lost by the overturning of a boat at the davits, and two sailors who jumped overboard were drowned; but afterwards a hawser was run aboard from the shore, and all the rest of the *Nipsic*'s crew got safely off. Captain Mullan and Lieutenant John A. Sherman were the last to leave the ship.

At ten o'clock the *Vandalia* and *Calliope* had drifted into a position near the reef. The storm had not abated in the least. The British ship was just astern of the *Vandalia*, and dangerously close. Suddenly her sharp prow was swung far up by a huge wave, and, descending, struck the port quarter of the American with

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terrible force. Men standing on the poop-deck of the *Vandalia* were thrown from their feet by the shock. A hole was torn in the side of the American ship, and the water rushed into the cabin. The jibboom of the Englishman was carried away. Unless something was done the ships would strike again, and the consequences might be still more disastrous. Something was done. Her Majesty's ship *Calliope* then and there entered upon the performance of a feat the news of which a little later filled the world with astonishment and admiration. She slipped her anchors, and set to work to run out of Apia Harbor. It must have been a moment of tremendous uncertainty when those anchors were let go. She was a new vessel, and a powerful one, capable of running sixteen knots an hour in smooth water. In this tempestuous sea, and against this hurricane, how would she get on? Would she get on at all, or would the hurricane overpower her and send her back to the fate upon which the *Eber* and the *Adler* and the *Nipsic* drifted? Captain Henry C. Kane, her commander, kept her bow in line with the broad lettering upon the stern of the American flag-ship *Trenton*, and steam was crowded on. Larger grew the *Trenton's*

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lettering, and still larger, and beyond doubt the *Calliope* was gaining. Presently she passed abreast of the *Trenton*, and first a shout and then three cheers came across the water from the American ship. Three cheers went back again from the Englishman, and the *Calliope* passed through the channel in the outer reef and out to sea, where she rode out the storm unharmed.

While the *Calliope* was steaming to safety in one direction the *Vandalia* was drifting to destruction in another. In order to save herself from the reef she finally slipped her anchor-chains and made for the beach upon which the *Nipsic* had been driven. She put on more steam than she had ever dared to carry before, ran a quarter of a mile along the reef, and went ashore in the sand. But being a vessel of much greater draught than the *Nipsic*, she struck much farther out, coming to a stop with her bow about forty yards from the *Nipsic*'s stern. She swung around broadside to the shore, and settled so deep that the waves swept her decks with terrible force. Men were thrown from their feet and dashed against the bulwarks. Not a few were washed overboard. The ship continued to settle, and many of the

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sailors and some of the officers took to the rigging.

During the afternoon the storm increased in violence. One man after another went overboard from the poop-deck of the *Vandalia*. One of these was Chief Engineer A. S. Greene. He had on a life-preserved. He was washed into the sea, grasped a rope as he fell, and drew himself back. A second time a wave swept him away, and a second time he caught a rope and clambered back. A third time he was carried far away from the *Vandalia*, and he swam to the *Nipsic* and caught a rope. He was too weak to draw himself up on it. He held on for a few minutes, and then let go in sheer exhaustion. The current caught him, and he was swept along the shore. The natives saw him. A line of the clasped hands, one end of the line ventured far out into the current, and the man farthest out caught the drowning officer and brought him safely in. Naval Cadet H. A. Wiley was another who got into the current and was snatched from death by the venturesome Samoans.

Captain Schoonmaker and Lieutenant J. W. Carlin were two brave men, who clung for life to the railings of the *Vandalia's* poop-deck.

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Captain Schoonmaker had been incapacitated by an accident the night before. A violent lurch of the vessel had flung him across the cabin. His head struck a chair with such force that one ear was almost torn away. He had been ever since in a dazed and weakened condition, and Lieutenant Carlin had practically commanded the ship.

Soon after Greene and Wiley went overboard it became evident that Captain Schoonmaker could not endure much longer. Several times he said to Lieutenant Carlin and the others about him that he would have to go soon. Lieutenant Carlin tried to get him into the rigging, where he would escape the incessant sweep of the water, but the captain said he was too weak to climb, and would stay as long as he could where he was. He was without a life-preserver, and repeatedly refused to accept one. The end was not long delayed. A huge wave came over the port quarter of the *Vandalia* and flooded the poop-deck. It tore a machine-gun from its fastenings, and hurled it against Captain Schoonmaker. The gun struck the captain on the head and knocked him senseless. Perhaps it killed him outright. He was washed from the deck, and was never seen again.

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A sailor-boy named Oscar Brinkman, belonging to the crew of the *Vandalia*, was among those who performed notable acts of heroism. Being thrown overboard by a lurch of the ship, he seized a floating plank and clung to it. Seeing one of his companions struggling in the water, he swam to him, and taking him by the hair brought him to the plank, to which both clung until a big wave washed them to the beach. Although nearly exhausted, Brinkman determined to do what he could for those on board the *Trenton*, which seemed about to go to pieces. He persuaded three of the natives to accompany him in a boat, and with a rope establish a line between the shore and the ship. They had only gone a little way when the boat was upset by a big wave and all were struggling in the water. But the boat righted itself, and they succeeded in reaching the ship with their rope, and saved many lives.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the *Trenton* and the *Olga* were almost on the reef. A piece of wreckage had carried away the rudder and propeller of the *Trenton* at ten o'clock in the morning, and since then her anchors and the great skill of her officers had been her only dependence. The force of the blow which car-

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ried away rudder and propeller was so great that every spoke in the pilot-wheel was broken out as it was whirled about, and two men who stood at the wheel were thrown to the deck, one of them with such violence that his leg was broken. Much of the credit for the skilful management of the *Trenton* was given to her navigating officer, Lieutenant R. M. G. Brown, of whom Captain Farquhar declared, in an official report to Admiral Kimberley, that he had on one occasion at least kept the *Trenton* off the rocks and saved the lives of her 450 men. Admiral Kimberley, Captain Farquhar, and Lieutenant Brown kept the bridge of the *Trenton* during the day. When the propeller was lost, the mizzen storm-sail was set, and when in the middle of the afternoon she was drifting toward the reef, broadside on, Lieutenant Brown ordered the entire crew into the port rigging, where they acted as sails and at the same time ballasted the ship against the storm.

It was after this that the *Trenton* and the *Olga* drew dangerously near to the reef and to each other. Suddenly the Stars and Stripes flew out from the *Trenton's* gaff—the only flag seen in Apia Harbor on that awful day. But the flag couldn't keep off the *Olga*. The Ger-

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man struck the American on the starboard quarter, shivering it, and carrying off her own bowsprit and figurehead. Several of the *Trenton's* boats were also carried away, and her flag fell upon the deck of the *Olga*. After the collision the *Olga* steamed across the harbor, and buried herself in the mud shoal on the east side, where she safely outlasted the storm, while the *Trenton* drifted down upon the *Vandalia* just as night fell.

Everybody feared that the worst would happen if the *Trenton* should collide with the *Vandalia* — it was believed that the shock would throw the exhausted men clinging to the *Vandalia's* rigging into the sea. The night was dark as pitch. The tempest was unabated. The shore was lined with people, straining their eyes towards the spot where the two war-ships had been swallowed up in the night. Suddenly a cheer rang out from the sea. It was the *Trenton* cheering the *Vandalia*. Four hundred and fifty-voices went to make that cheer, but it seemed very faint to those on shore. Then there came another cheer, but fainter; it was the answer of the *Vandalia* to the *Trenton*. A moment later the people on the shore heard something stranger than the cheers, stranger

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than anything they had ever heard or imagined; it was a band playing "The Star-spangled Banner"—the *Trenton's* band playing the national anthem, in a hurricane, to cheer up the poor fellows clinging to the rigging of her stranded consort, and perhaps to encourage her own exhausted men as well.

But it was a good omen, that music. The fears of the people on shore regarding the meeting of the *Vandalia* and the *Trenton* were unfounded. The great ships came together as gently as friends, and the flag-ship loomed up at the side of her stricken consort and sheltered her. The men in the *Vandalia's* rigging crept along the great yard-arms of the *Trenton*, and found relief and safety on the sturdy flag-ship. The meeting was just in time, for the men were hardly out of the rigging of the *Vandalia* before her masts went overboard. The *Trenton* stood well out of water, and by morning the storm had subsided.

A WINTER'S MORNING IN THE YELLOW SEA

An Incident of the Chino-Japanese War

HERE exists no more disagreeable place for a winter's anchorage than the so-called harbor of Che-foo, China, just north of the Shan-tung Promontory, in the Yellow Sea. During the winter of 1895-6 a powerful fleet of some twenty war-vessels, representing the flags of seven nationalities, was gathered together there. The Chino-Japanese war was then in progress, and the active operations of the Japanese, in the investment of Wei-hai-wei, had been going on for some time. From Wei-hai-wei, Che-foo was distant about thirty-five miles, and this latter port, having been one of those originally opened by treaty, had acquired importance as a commercial centre for the north of China. In the immediate vicinity of this

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place, and for miles in the interior, were scattered hundreds of missionaries of different sects and nationalities, the Americans forming a large majority.

To guard the interests of foreigners in general, and incidentally to take advantage of such lessons as were to be learned from the war then in progress, the several nations had assembled in the East as many vessels as should best serve the interests involved.

Probably a combination of finer war-vessels, representing all types, has seldom been seen than the international fleet of that winter. An agreement had been entered into by the commanders - in - chief representing Great Britain, Russia, France, Germany, and the United States, for the protection of citizens. The best of feeling existed among the officers and men, and all hands were keenly alert for such service that might be required.

The trials of that winter were numerous; the weather was inclement, provisions were scarce, and recreation!—there was none. Gale followed gale with great frequency. Storm-tossed, the vessels rode at their moorings with steam up, rigging and decks covered with snow, sides and pipes covered with ice. Communica-

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tion with the shore, except by signal, was shut off for days at a time, and with these conditions obtaining, the life on shipboard was not all that could be desired. The ice made out from shore for nearly two miles, and some attempts to land proved disastrous to the boats, with corresponding discomforts for the crews.

Occasionally the monotony for those on the *Charleston* and *Yorktown* was varied by being sent on hazardous trips to rescue missionaries, or to watch the operations of the belligerents off Wei-hai-wei. For those on the flag-ship, however, there was no such good-fortune. We held the end of the cable, directing the movements of the vessels of the squadron, informing the Department of the progress of events, and keeping a watchful eye over the small body of troops that had been landed to prevent anticipated disorders among the Chinese, being also prepared to throw ashore at any moment a large body of re-enforcements.

Watching had become wearisome, and many were the longings for the end to come that a temporary respite might be ours. The doom of Wei-hai-wei was sealed. Count Oyama, with his perfectly appointed army, manœuvred with a master's hand, had captured the forts on

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the east and west sides; the sledge-hammer blows struck by the ships of Admiral Ito had resulted in mortal wounds, so that all that remained of the once magnificent stronghold of Wei-hai-wei were the islands of Leu-kung, behind which the remnant of the once vaunted Chinese fleet had sought refuge, and Channel Island, with its still powerfully offensive battery.

The Chinese battle-ships *Ting-Yuen* and *Chen-Yuen* remained sullenly defiant—a menace to the Japanese. It was not, therefore, the policy of Admiral Ito to bring his lighter vessels within too close quarters of solid fortifications and ironclads. The Chinese could not escape; why, then, risk the lighter ships when a little patient waiting would produce the desired result? The dashing torpedo-boat attacks of the Japanese on the nights of February 4th and 5th had brought havoc and destruction to the Chinese fleet, sinking four of their ships, and giving the much-overwrought nerves of the Celestials a bad shaking up.

Information came to the American commander-in-chief that it was probably the intention of Admiral Ito to finish the work on February 7th.

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In that latitude, at that season of the year, day is late in breaking, but the date in question proved to be an ideal winter's day. Not even a gentle breeze was blowing; the air was clear, crisp, and cold, with the thermometer at 6° Fah., while the bay showed no movement of the closely packed cakes of floating ice.

The harbor of Che-foo is such in name only; it consists of a small indentation in the coast, with two small islands, on one of which is the lighthouse, about four miles from shore; to the northward the anchorage is limited by a narrow neck of land that rises to a bluff, the latter facing the sea. Beyond the bluff and outside the harbor limits is a half-moon bay, which on this occasion was filled with ice extending out about two miles, and closely packed by the recent gales.

Shortly after eight o'clock on the morning of February 7th, from the direction of Wei-hai-wei came the reverberations of heavy cannonading, and the decks of the vessels at the Che-foo anchorage were soon peopled with officers and men impatiently awaiting developments.

Within an hour unusual activity was observed among the Chinese soldiers in the fort

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of Che-foo, and it was noted that the heavy Krupp guns had been given extreme elevation.

Far to the southward appeared a speck on the water, and with glasses it was soon made out to be a torpedo-boat under full steam coming towards the port of Che-foo. It was seen that the boat was trimmed by the stern, all the crew being on deck aft, the better to immerse the screw. From the stream of smoke that piled from the pipe it was evident that the little craft was being urged to its utmost speed. Owing to the fact that the torpedo-boats of both belligerents were painted a neutral color, it was not easy to decide upon the nationality of the stranger, for naturally no flag was displayed. Following at a distance of about half a mile came a second boat, but as no firing was going on, it was concluded they were friends. The mystery was soon explained by the appearance, further out at sea, of two Japanese cruisers—the *Yoshino*, the speediest and handsomest ship of their navy, and the *Tachachiho*, the prototype of our *Charleston*. It could be seen that they were in pursuit of the two torpedo-boats. Their sharp prows were cutting the water like knives, and through the glass the

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officers and crew could be observed anxiously watching the chase.

There is something in a race, be it great or small, that stirs the blood of every man, and when the race is one for life and liberty the interest becomes more intense.

The scene was one never to be forgotten. The day was all that could be desired for speeding a torpedo-boat; not a ripple to mar progress; outside the islands the sea was clear of ice, while the cold, crisp air was most favorable for the draught.

With the approach of the vessels grew the excitement of the observers; the cold was forgotten, gloves and coats were thrown aside, and officers and men mounted the icy rigging the better to view the chase. Those that were fortunate enough to possess glasses reported incidents that could not be seen by the less fortunate. Admiral and staff, officers and men, elbowed one another, forgetful of all but the excitement of the moment. Each little gain or loss was carefully noted, and brought forth breathless remarks from the interested spectators. Some of the crew, more sharp-sighted than the others, reported the progress of the race, and as the cruisers closed more and more

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upon the torpedo-boats the excitement grew intense. "Now the big one's gaining!" "No, the little one's holding her own!" etc. Gruff exclamations of this sort were heard on every side.

The little torpedo-boats were game, and fought on manfully, one might say, foot by foot.

From the pipes of pursuer and pursued poured forth columns of smoke that trailed behind like dense black streamers, seemingly to portend the tragedy that was to follow; while, as if by contrast, the water parted by the rapidly speeding vessels broke in waves that glistered and scintillated in the sunlight in spectacular magnificence.

It was estimated that the *Yoshino* was making nineteen knots and over, and it was evident that a heavy forced draught was being carried. The first torpedo-boat was holding its own, or doing a trifle better, but the second and smaller of the two was slowly but surely losing distance.

One was strangely reminded of the coursing of hares by large and powerful hounds, only in this case the lives of human beings were involved, and the chances for the torpedo-boats,

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if caught, were about equal to those of the hares under like conditions. Whatever may have been the unofficial sympathies of the onlookers in regard to the war then going on, it seemed to be the universal wish that "the little fellows" might escape.

For a moment, off the harbor, the course of the leading boat deviated, as if to take refuge behind the shipping. That moment was the signal for unusual activity for the vessels at anchor; capstans were started and preparations made for a hurried departure, for had the Chinese boats entered they would have been followed by the cruisers, and it would have required lively work on the part of the neutrals to get out of range.

The Chinese lieutenant who commanded the torpedo-boat evidently concluded not to be a disturbing element to the fleet at anchor; the course was renewed, and, rounding the bluff, an attempt was made to reach the shore by ramming the ice. The floe was found to be too heavy for the light craft, so, skirting the edge of the ice, the boat stranded in shoal water; the occupants made a hurried exit and took to the woods. The second boat likewise tried the ice, but finding that no impression could be



"THE RACE WAS OVER"

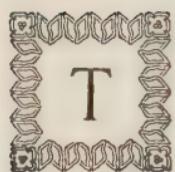
A WINTER'S MORNING IN THE YELLOW SEA

made thereon, sought to escape, as its principal had done, by skirting the pack until shoal water could be reached. But there was no time; the *Yoshino* was too close, and that powerful vessel ploughed through the ice at a tremendous rate of speed. When the nearest point to the runaway was reached, we heard the ugly, quick bark of the *Yoshino*'s three - pounders, and the race was over. With a mighty roar the safety-valves of the big cruiser were lifted, and for security the vessel headed seaward. There was no time to lower boats; the water was intensely cold, and it was never learned that any of the crew of the riddled boat escaped. The guns of the *Yoshino* sang the only requiem over the watery graves of those that went down with their ship.

The stranded boat was hauled off the next day by boats from the *Tachachiho*, and was taken to the Japanese navy-yard at Yekesuka. Several months later this trophy of the war was shown to the writer by a Japanese naval officer, the latter little suspecting that his visitor had witnessed the interesting episode of its capture on that eventful winter's morning in the Yellow Sea.

ON THE BLOCKADE

The Tale of a Night-Alarm

HE grim outlines of Morro's battlements loomed up dark and foreboding only three miles away from Admiral Sampson's ever-watchful blockading squadron. The precipitous coast extended in an unbroken line to the eastward and westward, till it became merged into the less dark shadow of the Caribbean Sea. In the day, with the warm sun shining upon the luxuriant tropical verdure, reflected from the rails of the railroad by the sea, the trestles and bridges half hidden beneath the profusion of trees, Santiago is not an awe-inspiring spectacle. But a pall had been thrown over all this, and to the watchers but a right line could be seen—the meeting of the cliff with the sky. The night was dark and cloudy, and the eyes of many

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sentries and men on lookout were vying with the officers on watch, ever vigilant to discover the slightest suspicion of an enemy's torpedo-destroyer, the dreaded weapons of destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet. The huge battle-ships appeared as but a smudge on the horizon to the gunboats or videttes, that were lying well in, almost under the very guns of this frowning fortress, guarding these expensive creatures of American handicraft with their lives from the attack of the expected but very unwelcome nocturnal visitors.

Admiral Cervera had entered the harbor of Santiago with the will-o'-the-wisp Cape de Verde squadron of Spain but a scant week before, and Admiral Sampson's order was, "They must not escape." From captain to the lowest sailor, Yankee grit and daring would carry out this order to the letter. Two nights before, a collier had been sunk by Lieutenant Hobson in the narrow channel of the harbor, but the brave crew had not returned to tell of the success of the perilous undertaking. The way might be blocked for the large ships, but the "destroyers" surely could pass if their crews had the nerve to make the venture; the lack of such nerve was foreign to the thoughts

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of the watch-dogs outside. If the tables were turned, there was not a man who would not gladly and willingly barter his birthright for the privilege of volunteering to destroy the boats of the blockading enemy.

An attack was hourly expected. The dreaded dark of the moon, the friend of the torpedo, favored the caged enemy. But few eyes closed in sleep aboard the motionless war-ships during the dreary watches of the night. The captains, upon whom rested the great weight of responsibility for hundreds of human lives and millions of money, were seldom off the bridges of their ships. The theories of torpedo-boat warfare were about to be put to a crucial test. It had been a much-disputed question how much real danger a torpedo-boat was to a battle-ship. The whole question, experts had declared, depended upon the latter's vigilance, and also "the man behind the gun." Vigilance would not be lacking; the other surely would be there. Americans had always been proud of their marksmanship. Two torpedo-boat-destroyers, by evading the sleepless vedettes, might by a simultaneous attack from an unexpected quarter render good account of their deadly torpedoes. The cordon of armored ships stretched

ON THE BLOCKADE

in a semicircle of three miles radius, with Morro as a centre, the heavy battle-ships immediately off the entrance, the cruisers on the flanks, steam up, ready to engage, run ashore, or otherwise destroy the enemy if he dared attempt to force this formidable blockade. Close inshore, so close to the bold coast of Cuba that the roar of the sea was heard as it dashed itself to foam on the rocks, standing watch with the guardians of the night, were the small gun-boats. Their duty was to discover and destroy, at whatever risk, any torpedo craft of the enemy attempting to force the blockade unseen, gain the unengaged side of the silent war-ships under cover of the shadow of the cliff, and send one or more to the bottom with a well-aimed torpedo. Time and time again the dull boom of a gun had reverberated over the dark waters, and a screech of a shell had told one of these daring vedettes that she had ventured in too close for Spanish honor to stand.

Silent groups of officers could be seen on the quarter-decks of the grim, gray ships. But few words were spoken; all thoughts were upon the pending danger. Anxious glances out into the black night showed the heavy strain on iron nerves.

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The officer of the deck on one of the vedette ships, glasses glued to his eyes, was sweeping the dark coast from Morro to the eastward, every once in a while taking a hasty look over his shoulder at the smudges of the large ships far out on the ocean, as if to assure himself that his charges were still safe.

"Nothing must pass us," were his captain's words as he went to sleep in his chair, worn out by incessant watching and nights of sleeplessness, which will wreck the strongest constitution. Half the crew were on their feet at their guns, every gun was loaded, and ready at the simple pressure of a button or the pull of a lock-string to hurl its death-dealing missiles at the enemy whenever discovered. Dark figures could be made out in little groups leaning on gun or rail. Every eye was turned towards the direction from which the attack must come. The officer on watch heaved a sigh of relief as he glanced over his vigilant "watch on deck," feeling that even if his eye failed he had the eyes of nearly fivescore men to warn him of any approaching danger. Time and again some of these overwrought lookouts had sighted something suspicious, but a closer look with the glass had shown that it was but a

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deeper shadow in the frowning cliffs. By his side on the chart-table were three pistols. The discharge of these, throwing red or green stars high in the air, would warn the rest of the fleet of the approach of the enemy. As his glass revealed something suspicious under the deep shadow of the rock-bound coast, his right hand clutched at the pistol nearest him, and a lump arose in his throat, but as his keen eye saw through the apparent enemy, his hand dropped to his side, and the lump smoothed itself away in a half-disappointed yet relieved way that he could not understand. Was his love for adventure trying to get the mastery over his weaker self? Did fear sit on his shoulder for even the fraction of a minute and try to whisper into his reluctant ear? He had not time now to analyze his feelings.

The night had worn on; his four hours of weary watching were nearly passed; his thoughts flew back thousands of miles across the sea to his home, to those who were looking after his welfare far away in America. He wished they could be nearer. Would that this weary war were over! Then his professional aspirations banished all thoughts of loved ones, and his eyes again peered with ceaseless vigil-

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ance into the all-pervading blackness of the tropical night. His glass trembled slightly. He rubbed his eyes hastily, as if he were afraid he had gone into dreamland for a minute. His hands took a firmer hold on his binoculars, and he swept them spasmodically through a small arc. Surely he saw well and right. "The best way to discover a torpedo-boat is by her smoke," were the instructions of the commander-in-chief in his last general orders. These words danced in his brain. Why did not some one else see it? He glanced nervously over his men still on their feet, but they could not be vigilant: if so, they must see it. The captain still slept in his chair by his side. No time could be lost; he must act promptly. His knees seemed almost ready to give way; his tongue had cloven to the roof of his mouth; a cold sweat stood out like beads on his hot brow. The ever-ready pistol was in his hand. Why didn't he give the warning? He must be sure; he could not give a false alarm. He took another look with his glass. A small light flickered a moment under the smoke, close under the shadow of the cliff.

"Light ho!" and the quick hail from the forecastle, drove away all doubt of his wakeful-

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ness. Two red stars in rapid succession and then a green one rose high in the air, lighting up the sky and water with their brilliant light, and telling of the discovery of the enemy's torpedo-boats.

The small guns in the tops had already begun to bark their menace to the enemy. Search-lights were turned on, and were concentrated on the swiftly fleeing object. The near vedette ships had joined in the fight with their rapid-firing guns, and the point of meeting of the many beams of light was lashed to foam by the ploughing of steel. On went the speedy enemy. The smoke, but dimly seen before, now in the bright beams of light seemed volumes. Faster and faster went the fleeing target for scores of rapid - fire machine - guns, making a noble effort to escape.

Quicker and more furious became the fire from the American ships. One ship had charged ahead as if to plant herself in the path of the fleeing aquatic ghost, but the return surge of the sea so close under her forefoot had warned her of her danger.

The firing, as if by an order, almost ceased ; the beams of the search-lights were sweeping the coast in the vicinity of where the enemy

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had been seen but a moment before, but the jagged rocks and the seething surge of the ocean were all that they revealed. The American ships slowly withdrew to their stations, with the conviction that one of Admiral Cer-
vera's terrible destroyers had been sent to her account.

In the small hours of the morning a belated railroad train reached its station at Daiquiri, its box-cars riddled with holes, and its crew in the last stage of nervous prostration. It was hours before the military authorities could get the explanation of their night's experience—that the train, not a torpedo-boat, had been the target of a fleet.

DERELICTS OF THE SEA

And the Navy's Work in Destroying Them

ROM the rugged snow-capped shores of Greenland to the dreary wilderness of waters that wash the Cape Horn rock, and from east to west as far as the oceans roll, the relics of once proud and mighty ships are scattered over the surface of the deep. With usefulness and strength and beauty gone, they seem to struggle against the fate which is dragging them to the graveyard of the derelict, on the sandy platform thousands of fathoms down, where the skeletons of Viking boats and Spanish galleons keep company with princely steamships and frowning, ponderous men-of-war. One day these drifting, history-laden hulks are caressed by the murmuring and gentle sun-bathed sea; the next swept and torn and mangled anew by the surges that hurl themselves in fury upon

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the expiring victims of treachery and passion. Pathetic indeed are the thoughts that come to us as we contemplate the tragedies enacted on this watery stage, with phosphorescent fires for footlights and howling winds and breaking seas for an orchestra.

Let us all, in imagination, go off on an ocean cruise together, like curiosity seekers visiting a battle-field after the shock of conflict, when the smoke has rolled away, when the birds are twittering again in the trees, the kindly sunlight pouring over the scene, and only the sight of broken and shot-riddled artillery wagons, and twisted, ruined implements left as silent witnesses of the struggle.

We leave port, and steer a course that will keep us in the highway of ocean commerce, for naturally it is here that we expect to have our quest rewarded, although on all parts of the sea these relics are to be found drifting under the influence of wind and current. The sun soon disappears below the horizon to the westward, where sky and water seem to meet, and the rosy face of the full moon rises up in the heavens, sending a broad beam of golden light across the dancing waves. 'Way ahead of us we see two points of light close together near

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the surface of the sea, one green, the other red, and a little above them a bright, white orb like a planet, which appears to watch over the two beneath. We call the captain's attention to them, asking him if the stars at sea are different in color to those viewed from the land. He smilingly informs us that we are looking at the side and mast-head lights of an ocean steamship coming towards us; that we will see the green light vanish as soon as the colored lamps of our vessel are detected from the other, for the officer on her bridge will alter his course to the right, according to the rules laid down for preventing collisions on the ocean between ships propelled by steam. Exactly as the captain predicts, the bright green point is snuffed out, but not until the outlines of the majestic vessel are viewed by us as she rushes in our direction, cutting a path through the moonlit waves. So little distance separates us when we are nearly abreast that the sound of music is clearly heard. The passengers are evidently enjoying the last night of the voyage, and putting a note of gladness into their songs, for the journey is safely accomplished, and port and home are just ahead.

Suddenly it becomes apparent that some-

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thing is wrong. A mad churning under the stern of the steamship where the great propeller is whirling, and the quick change of course towards us, which brings again the green light into view, is evidence of an emergency. At the same instant a heavy crash and splintering of timbers proves that a collision has occurred. The steamer is now stationary, and we run down alongside of her to learn the nature of the trouble and make an offer of assistance.

"We have run into a derelict," her commander calls back in answer to our hail; "but our damage is light, and we will be able to make port without assistance!"

So we have had an experience with a derelict the first night out, and it gives us subject for conversation until long after the course has been resumed and the mass of the steamship has faded out astern.

Morning promises us a rich harvest of wrecks, for the derelict chart published by the United States naval authorities shows a rare collection of floating hulks close together, in a square of the ocean from which we are separated by only a few miles. In fact, while we are at breakfast, the officer on watch sends word to the captain that there is something in sight



"A HEAVY CRASH PROVES THAT A COLLISION HAS OCCURRED "

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ahead. Then there is a mad scramble up the companionway stairs. In answer to our eager questions the mate points directly ahead, where a long, low object rests on the water, occasionally flashing like a mirror, and on and around which hundreds of sea-birds are to be counted. As we approach, it grows into shape, and is made out to be the hull of a large vessel floating with her keel in the air. The cause of the flashes we perceive to be due to the copper sheathing reflecting the sun's rays as the wreck rolls sluggishly on the gentle swell.

We exchange comments on the novel spectacle, and ask the captain why it is that the hull does not sink. He explains that it is kept buoyant by the air which is confined in the hold, and tells us his experience when living for three days shut up with several companions in the interior of a capsized vessel. This is the way he relates the story:

“A number of years ago, when I was second mate of the brig *Nancy*, belonging to Philadelphia, I met with the most exciting experience in my life, and came near losing the number of my mess. We had carried a general cargo out of Antigua in the Windward West Indies, and were on our way to Havana in ballast,

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to get a homeward freight of sugar. The day after sailing the wind died away altogether, and left us becalmed in close company with two brigs like ourselves, and a big three-masted vessel with painted ports. After watching the barometer for a couple of hours and finding it falling, the weather growing wilder looking, and the sky taking on a sickly greenish hue, the captain gave orders to strike top-gallant-masts, and snug the brig down. While we were at work aloft a big sea commenced to roll, although there wasn't enough air stirring to fan a feather off the top of the cabin-house.

"It took us an hour and a half to strip the *Nancy* to a reefed main-topsail and a storm jib. About four o'clock in the afternoon, when the sea had gotten up so that we thought the masts would go out of her with every roll she made, we caught the sound of moaning and screaming out to the eastward, and the next minute the wind came down on us, blowing away the tops of the curling seas, and sending them hissing on before. When the wind hit us I thought that it was all up with the brig, for she lay down to it, until her lower yard-arms were in the water, and the waves were coming over the windward bulwark rail. After

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a time we got her head off, and then the way she flew before the gale was enough to take one's breath away. For about an hour our light, high-sided vessel was blown away to leeward like a bladder, but at the end of that time the captain ordered all hands to bring the ship to, as the seas were racing after us so fast that more than once they almost broke on board over our stern. When the helm was put down and the *Nancy* fell into the trough of the sea, she went over so far that I believed it was going to be eight bells for us, especially when I heard the ballast in the hold pitching over to the lee. At last we got her pointed up, and lashed the tiller so as to keep her head to the wind.

"The captain now ordered me to go down in the hold, with three seamen, and shift ballast, in order to bring the brig on an even keel. We entered the 'tween-decks through the small booby hatch abaft the mainmast, and were walking forward to enter the hold through the open square, when we heard a loud cry on deck, and the next instant, amid the noise of ballast being flung furiously across the vessel, we turned a somersault, and brought up heavily with our backs against the upper-deck beams,

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and our eyes directed towards the planks overhead that our feet had trodden but a moment before. Quickly realizing our situation, I cried to the men that the brig had capsized, and to hurry to the hatch and climb into the hold before the water made into the place where we were. Fortunately our lamp still burned to guide us, and in another minute we mounted into the hold and perched ourselves on top of the ballast that was now resting on the flooring of the 'tween-decks.

"It would make too long a story to tell you what we suffered from despair and thirst and hunger during the three days that we were locked up in that floating tomb. It is enough to say that on the morning of the third day, when we had with incessant labor made two deep parallel cuts about two feet apart and almost through the planking, we heard the sound of heavy guns close aboard, which told us of the presence of a man-of-war. Picking up a heavy stone from among the ballast, I dashed it several times against the planks between the cuts, until at last the weakened place was driven out, and in rushed such a flood of glorious light that for a moment we were blinded, and fell back screening our eyes; the next, we

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were scrambling out of prison and clawing our way on top of the keel, shouting as much from joy as from the desire to attract the attention of the people on board the naval ship that laid only a short distance from us making a target of the wreck of the big ship that had been in company with the *Nancy* a few days before. We were soon discovered and carried on board the man-of-war, and landed a few days later in Jamaica, from which place we were sent home by the American consul. The same day that we were picked up we passed two of the most peculiar-looking derelicts I have ever seen. Both of the hulls were standing straight up in the water, one with her bow and the other with her stern in the air. From the closeness of these vessels to the wreck of the *Nancy*, I have no doubt but that they were the brigs that had been near us when the gale broke."

The captain's story concluded, we thank him heartily for the treat, then lay aloft to sweep the larger circle of the horizon. We have mounted only a few ratlines when we detect off on the starboard bow the spars of a vessel, and a little higher elevation, with the aid of the binoculars, brings the hull into view. We

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head towards her, and are soon able to assure ourselves that although motionless, everything about her is too symmetrical for a wreck, and a closer acquaintance develops the fact that it is an American man-of-war, engaged in removing from the track of steamers and sailing vessels all dangerous obstructions to navigation. A number of large spars are to be seen floating in the vicinity of the famous old warship, and these are so perfect and valuable that they are being collected and will be carried into New York for the benefit of their owners.

One of the lieutenants pays us a visit, and courteously explains to our interested group the various methods employed for destroying abandoned vessels and drifting masts and yards. He sketches roughly a spar found that morning floating in a perpendicular position, and which was shattered by encircling it with a ring of dynamite, then allowing the explosive to drop down to the required depth, and firing it by means of a small electric battery in the launch. In answer to our question as to the most dangerous character of wreckage, he states it to be that which floats just below the surface of the water, and whose presence is only to be known by contact with it.

DERELICTS OF THE SEA

With curiosity gratified, we shape the course
for home, expressing a hope that the day may
be far distant when our good ship shall become
a derelict of the sea.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE OLD NAVY

"P anchor for home," comes the order. The bo's'n and his mates get together, and their shrill whistles send the cheery news throughout the ship, and the homesick tars respond with eagerness. If it is an old ship of the navy, the men get out the capstan bars, and with a jolly swing they race around, and finally the anchor comes up. If it is a new ship, with modern appliances, the anchor comes up by steam. But in either case the sailors are homeward bound, and as the ship begins to ripple the water, out from the main breaks the pennant that proclaims duty on a foreign station is ended, and that it won't be long before they are in what most of the sailors and a great many other persons call "God's country."

This is what takes place when one of the ships of the navy has finished a cruise of three

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years in foreign waters. Glad as is the home-coming on all these occasions, there has been an element of pathos in recent years, because the return has marked the last service of many of our most historic vessels. In other words, the wooden ships of our navy, splendid mistresses of the sea in their time, are gone, and with their passing has passed much of the memory of their service, the storm and stress of their existence, the romance of their years. Sailor Jack dearly loves his ship, and if she has a history, loves her all the more. Therefore it is that the home-coming of a vessel for the last time has a sort of bitter-sweet effect on Jack.

One of these last home-comings awaited the old *Lancaster* at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard in 1894. After an honorable service of thirty-six years she was brought back and stripped of all her glory in the navy-yard. Had she been wrecked she could scarcely have presented a more forlorn appearance. Although the *Lancaster* spent most of her time in the civil war on the Pacific station, and her sister ships did most of the hard fighting, one may call to mind that over their decks and through their rigging have the roar and screech of shot and shell

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sounded ; beside their guns have the brave sailors shed their blood, and under their flags have men been proud to die for their country.

In more peaceful days the *Lancaster* had been the scene of many gayeties, and on more than one occasion royalty had trod her decks and acknowledged the gracious salutes she had given them on behalf of the government of the United States. Her career was ended not so much because she was old as because science was merciless and had no time for romance or sentiment ; and also because the business of war had no longer need of wooden ships, and history counts for nothing with a power that looks to the future and has put the past behind it.

It was in Yokohama that the crew of the *Lancaster* received the order "Up anchor for home." The jack-tars had prepared for it. It is one of the privileges of the crew on our men-of-war to purchase the "homeward pennant." That on the *Lancaster* was 575 feet long, and cost the men about \$400. The men contribute to the cost equally, and the officers are not allowed to give a cent toward the emblem. This pennant of the *Lancaster* is said to have been one of the longest ever flown. The men simply got the biggest one they could for their money.

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Sometimes these pennants are 365 feet long—a foot for every day in the year. Sometimes other lengths are given to them for some special reason. On this occasion the men determined to do the best they could for the old ship that was about to die, and they meant to make the sunset of her career as glorious as they could in their humble way.

As the *Lancaster* sailed out of Yokohama harbor this pennant snapped a final good-bye, and when the ship reached the open sea it was taken down, not to be raised until the next harbor was reached. The old ship made six stops coming home, and on each occasion the pennant was hoisted to the main, and the men at the mizzen saw that it flew clear of the rigging. An inflated bladder at the end emphasized the swaying, and the tars stole many a glance of pride as the ship came sailing in. That pennant was theirs, and the officers had no share in its glory. At last Gibraltar was cleared, and the ship started for New York. When opposite Tompkinsville on Staten Island the pennant was broken out for the last time on entering port, and the sea-service of the *Lancaster* was ended. The vessel came up the bay proudly, as if unwilling to acknowledge her

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years. For a few days the crew remained on board, and then in twos and threes they were paid off and they left the ship.

There used to be some ceremony when a ship with or without a history went out of commission. The crew used to be summoned, after having been paid off, and then the flag would be hauled down, orders for the proceeding having been read. After the men, each with his bag on his back, would be marched to the gates of the navy-yard, where ranks would be broken, and the men would be free to go where they pleased. Of course most of them elected to go back into the navy after a time of recreation; but, nevertheless, their muster-out was marked by some ceremony, and that always pleased Jack immensely. The omission of this ceremony in the case of the *Lancaster* simply marked the march of the new life in the navy, which cares little for sentimental things when the search for the practical is on.

It is this practical spirit of recent times that troubles the old sailor a good deal. It makes his quarters on the new ships far more comfortable for him, but he is conservative to a degree that comports with his dignity, and he will tell you solemnly that he prefers the

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old wooden ships, with their sails, to the new ships that are built to kill and destroy, and have no regard for the old sailor's superstitions and conservatism. Jack still likes to see the sails set, and the ship bending under them. He cares nothing for speed. What he wants is the good old salt breeze, and the wind howling through the rigging. He prefers sails to ventilators, and he is fonder of the wind than he is of steam-engines down in the hold. All the fighting that he read of as a boy was, and all the fighting that he has ever heard of have been done in wooden ships. When a ball struck an old wooden ship it made a hole that could be mended, perhaps, but he does not like to think much about a hole in a steel ship that is a mere shell, after all. These new ships are thin, frail things, and the wooden ships were of thick oak that would swell up when a missile broke through the sides. Jack likes to look down an old-fashioned gun-deck, with its rows of startling cannon. This looks like real war. On the new ships the guns are scattered about, and although they can do ten times the work of the old guns, they haven't the martial appearance of the old-time wooden ship.

Therefore if you go over to the navy-yard

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and find any of the very old men on a new ship of the navy, you must be prepared to hear a tale of protest against the new navy ideas.

Another reason why the veteran sailor does not like to note the disappearance of the old ships is that the names of the new ones do not strike his fancy. He would rather serve on a ship called the *Brandywine* than on the *Cincinnati*; the *Congress* means more to him than the *Colorado*; the *Hancock* inspires him more to deeds of valor than the *Newark*. In other words, Jack likes a ship that commemorates by name some man or place connected with notable displays of patriotism and bravery. He would rather fight in these days, if fight he must, on a ship named *Paul Jones* than he would on a ship named *Pennsylvania*, and he thinks he would fight better and longer.

Before the *Lancaster* retired, the wooden ship whose loss was felt the keenest by the whole nation was the *Kearsarge*. That vessel was wrecked on Roncador Reef early in 1894. Every school-boy has heard something of the story of the *Kearsarge* and the way she sank the *Alabama*, in the civil war, off the coast of France. The *Alabama* was the Confederate privateer that was fitted out in England, and

THE WRECK OF THE "KEARSARGE"



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for two years made havoc with Northern shipping on the high seas. The *Kearsarge*, practically a sister ship to the *Lancaster*, found her in Cherbourg harbor, and waited five days for her to come out and fight in the open sea. They were apparently equally matched, but the *Kearsarge*'s captain had hung anchor chains along the sides for armor, and had covered them with boards to hide them. The fight lasted only one hour, and took place on Sunday morning, June 15, 1864. The *Kearsarge* kept steaming around the *Alabama*, and deliberately and with great care fired her broadsides. The *Alabama*'s shot went wild to a great extent. The *Alabama* began to sink, and her commander offered to surrender. Before the offer could be accepted she went down, and many of her crew were saved by an English yacht. This was the most notable naval engagement of the civil war, with the exception of the fight between the *Monitor* and *Merrimac*. It was a crowning achievement, and the *Kearsarge* was very dear to the American people. It is probable that she would have been kept in commission as long as the rats would have stayed aboard. It is easy to see, in view of her service, why the naval men wanted to have

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a battle-ship named the *Kearsarge*, and why they thought that such a ship would always do valorous duty.

It is a satisfaction to the sailors that Farragut's old flag-ship, the *Hartford*, has been preserved, and that an exception is made in her favor to the law which requires that when the repairs to a vessel will cost more than a certain percentage of the value of the ship, she must be condemned and put out of the service.

It was on April 24, 1862, that the *Hartford* performed her most distinguished services. She led the fleet that ran the famous Mississippi batteries, and encountered the deadly fire from Forts Philip and Jackson at New Orleans. Naval experts said this feat could not be done, but Farragut said, "Go ahead," and a magnificent display of courage the commander of the fleet and all his subordinates gave, and the good old ship *Hartford* responded with eagerness to every call made on her. The Mississippi was opened, and a great blow had been dealt to the Confederacy. It was to the *Hartford's* rigging that Farragut was lashed at Mobile, and the government will probably preserve her with as much care as the old *Constitution* of the war of 1812 is preserved. The *Hartford*

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is now at Annapolis, a source of inspiration to the naval cadets.

The *Constitution*, or "Old Ironsides," as she is more familiarly known, is the most famous of all the wooden ships that we have preserved. Time and time again did she vanquish the English ships in the war of 1812, and proud were the people of her captures. Probably the most thrilling incident of her career was her escape from seven English men-of-war, after an exciting chase of nearly three days and nights. The chase began on July 17th, 1812. The *Constitution* was out for a long cruise, and was weighted down with stores. The sea was calm, and no wind was stirring. Captain Hull put out his men in boats to tow the ship. They pulled valiantly, and as night came on a "kedge" anchor was run out half a mile ahead. The crew on the ship kept pulling on this, and the Britishers didn't discover for a long time the secret. Finally the English saw it, and adopted the same tactics, and by doubling up their crews began to pull their famous ship *Shannon* near to the *Constitution*.

A light breeze sprang up, and saved the American ship for the time. There was a calm the next day, and the agonizing struggle went

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on. The next night another light breeze came up, and the tired sailors obtained a little sleep. The next day there came a sharp breeze after many hours of struggle. The *Constitution* trimmed her sails to catch it; the boats dropped back and the men were caught up as the ship gathered headway. The *Guerrière* of the English fleet came abeam as the wind freshened, and fired a broadside; but the shots fell short, and the *Constitution's* men ignored them, and calmly went about straightening up their vessel, as if they had just left port and such a thing as an enemy was unheard of.

We hear laments frequently that the old soldiers are dropping away fast. I always share that feeling, but I also include in it those wooden ships of the navy — scarred veterans most of them are, worthy of the abiding remembrance of a grateful people.

THE END

